THE ERIE OBSERVER.

E. F. SLOAN, Editor. | FONWARD. | $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 20. | SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1849. | NUMBER 10.

A Beautiful Poem.

THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I LOVED the Winter once with all my soul,
And longed for snow-storms, hail and mantle skies;
And sang their praises in as gay a troll
As Troubadours have poured to beauty's eyes.

I deemed the hard black frost a pleasant thing,
For logs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out;
And wild birds came with tame and gentle wing
To eat the bread my young hand flung about.

But I have walked into the world since then,
And seen the bitter work that cold can do—
Where the grim Ice-King levels babes and men
With bloodless spear, that pierces through and through.

I know now, there are those who sink and lie
Upon a stone bed at the dead of night,
I know the roofless and unfed *must* die,
When even lips at Plenty's Feast turn white.

And now, whene'er I hear the cuckoo's song
In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer.
While my heart runs a cadence in a throng
Of hopeful notes, that say—"Thank God for summer."

I've learnt that sunshine bringeth more than flowers,
And fruits, and forest leaves to cheer the earth;
For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bower,
Light up beneath it with a grateful mirth.

The aged limbs that quaver in their task
Of dragging life on, when the north wind goads—
Taste once again contentment, as they bask
In the straight beams that warm their church-yard road

And Childhood—poor, pinched Childhood—half forgets
The starving pittance of our cottage homes;
When he can leave the hearth, an I chase the nets
Of gossamer that cross him as he roams.

The hoping idiot seemeth less distraught
When he can sit upon the grass all day,
An I laugh, and clutch the blades, as though he thought
The yellow sun-rays challenged him to play.

Ah! dearly now I hail the nightingale,
And greet the bee—the merry going hummer—
And when the lilies peep so sweet and pale,
I kiss their cheeks, and say—"Thank God for Summer."

Feet that limp, blue and bleeding, as they go
For dainty cresses in December's dawn,
Can wade and dabble in the brooklet's flow,
And woo the gurgles on a July morn.

The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread
If Winter's drowsy torpor lulled his brain,
Is free to choose his mossy Summer bed,
And sleep his hour or two in some green lane.

Oh! Ice-toothed King, I love you once—but now
I never see you come without a pang
Of hopeless pity shadowing my brow,
To think how naked flesh must feel your fang.

My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold,
And my ears listen to the callow rook,
I hunt the palm-trees for their first rich gold,
To pry for violets in the southern nook;

And when fair Flora sends the butterfly
Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer;
"Now for warm holidays," my heart will cry,
"The poor will suffer less!—Thank God for Summer."

A Romantic Love Tale.

LOVE AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY M. A. B.

From the Message Bird.

"Sleep, sleep on; forget thy pain;
My hand is on thy brow,
My spirit on thy brain.—*Shelley.*

IN a large apartment, whose deep crimson walls and heavy draperies looked doubly gloomy by the dim light of a shaded lamp that stood on a centre-table, reclined a young man in a massive easy-chair. The full light from the lamp fell from under its shade, upon his pale and motionless features: so pale, so motionless in their marble rigidity that they might have been taken for the creation of some sculptor's hand, but for the modern habiliments and the clustering masses of dark brown hair.—By his side stood a female figure, almost as still and lifeless as himself. Her face was not less beautiful, but more haughty and commanding than his; and both were so tranquil that they looked like a corpse watching a corpse. The lady was the first to give any tokens of animation. Passing her hand caressingly over her companion's ivory brow and blue-veined eyelids, she said in low, sweet accents—

"Do you feel better?"

"Oh, much—much better. I have no pain now," answered the youth, in tones almost as dulcet as those to which he replied—"I feel so calm—so happy."

"Sleep on, then," she said; and his graceful head, with its thickly clustering auburn curls, sank back again upon the velvet chair: she knelt beside him and gazed long and earnestly into his face.

As seen thus together, the two bore a striking resemblance to each other. Feature by feature might be scanned, and found almost precisely alike. There was the same finely chisseled nose—the same rosy mouth, with its short, proud upper lip—the same classical chin—the same pillar-like throat, and broad white forehead. The chief difference was that in his short crisp curls and slight mustache, might be read the outward signs of manhood; while in the mind beaming from her face, and above all, the earnest gaze of her clear eye, was visible the mental power that is usually attributed to the stronger sex.

"Good heavens! how beautiful he looks!" she exclaimed, starting up and bending over the young man in an attitude of adoration. "How I could *love* him, if he was always like this? Eustace, do you know that you are beautiful?"

"Of course I do," was the ready answer.

"Should I be happy if I married you?"

"No!" he answered sadly. "The husband with whom you could live happily must possess a mind that would insure your respect. It is only by appealing to your higher feelings that your best and truest affections can be won. You regard me only as a disagreeable, impertinent coxcomb when I am awake; but when I am mesmerized, as now, you love me for my beauty. It is contemptible for a man to love a woman only for her personal attractions, but for a woman to love a man for his beautiful face and curly hair!—it is detestable!"

"And yet I *do* love you, Eustace," said the maiden, drawing her companion's head upon her shoulder, as she sat beside him. "You are so beautiful, I cannot help loving you!"

"But you do not respect me!"

"That's but too true," she responded with a deep sigh—"What a mistake it was in my good old grandmother to coax me into an engagement with you."

"She did it for the best; for she thought that if I possessed few good qualities, I had no great vices: and she died happy in the belief that she had thus preserved you from the miseries of an ill-assorted marriage."

"Ill-assorted!" cried the young lady; "good Heaven! what could be worse-assorted than a match between me, who worship all that is noble and intellectual in human nature—and you who worship nothing but your own pretty face in a looking-glass?" and she flung him indignantly from her. "At another time you could not speak so sagely even to save your peerless mustache."

"My mind is now but the reflex of yours," he answered, in the quiet tone in which he had before spoken.

"You do indeed utter my thoughts; but can you not go beyond? Can you not become clairvoyant? Try! look beyond the range of *my* intelligence. Read, if you can, the future! Say, at least, if I have any chance of happiness in marrying you?"

"None! none! I can tell that. All else is a blank."

"Yet, look once again," she exclaimed eagerly; "try to discover the being, if such a one exists, who is destined by the secret affinities of nature, to satisfy my soul's yearning for something to love and reverence. Oh! is there such a being on the earth? or is all this world of love that heaves within me, to fall back upon my own sickening heart, or bloom only for the amusement of such an effeminate puppy as my cousin Eustace?"

He leaned forward in his chair; his eyes opened wide, and were fixed intently upon vacancy, as though endeavoring to catch some object that flitted in the distance.—Striving as earnestly to read his countenance, as he to decipher the mysterious Unknown, Constance knelt before him.

"I see—I feel," muttered the entranced, and then he stopped. Every feature, every sense, appeared to be in a state of the most acute tension. Suddenly his limbs, his features relaxed; and distinctly uttering the words—

"*The step is on the stair,*" he fell back into the deepest coma.

Constance was appalled. Her heart stopped in its wild throbbings, when she heard a heavy tread ascending and approaching the door. She covered her eyes, dreading to meet the coming fate.

The door opened, and the slow and measured footsteps neared her, each falling upon her quivering senses like a death-knell.

"How is your patient to-night?" asked a kind and familiar voice.

She raised her eyes to those of the speaker. He was a neighbor and frequent visitor. She had often met his eyes before, unmoved; but on this occasion, as she encountered them, some strange charm was wrought.—Her breath came fast, her nerves failed her, and she sank on the ground insensible

The new comer raised her gently, and carried her through one of the large, heavily-draperied windows to a pleasant balcony, from which a flight of steps led into a quiet garden. There was no water at hand; so he gathered a large rose, drenched in dew, and passed it gently over her pale face, that looked yet paler in the moonlight. When she regained her consciousness, and found his tall, ungainly figure bending over the chair in which he had placed her, she started up in terror; but her trembling limbs refused to support her, and she fell back again.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Wilton; it is only I."

The last words were uttered in a melancholy tone, which she now remembered to have often heard in his voice when addressing her. The web of Fate seemed to be closing around her. She turned away, and rested her cheek upon her hand.

"Can I leave you safely for a moment," he asked, "while I fetch some restoratives? Lean back in this way, and then if the faintness should return, you will be in no danger of falling."

She noticed that his hands trembled as he reverently placed her in a secure position; and again the faintness stole over her senses; but he preceived it not, and hastened into the house. On his return with a glass of wine, he found her at a little distance from the chair, supporting her tottering steps by clinging to the balcony railing as she crept along.

"What are you doing? Where are you going?" he exclaimed, circling her pliant waist with one of his long powerful arms, just as relinquishing her hold on the railing, she was about to fall to the ground.

"I want air—I want motion—I want to get into the garden," she murmured, making a feeble effort to disengage herself.

"Drink this first, and then you shall go."

She drank the wine, which invigorated her so much that she was able, with the assistance of his arm, to descend into the garden. They walked in silence through the winding shrubbery path, walled in and roofed with interlacing boughs and flowering shrubs; it was just

"That lovely time when spring and summer meet—
Delightful May, or the young days of June;"

and the air, though fresh and exhilarating, was filled with perfume. They emerged from the deep shadow of the covered walk, and still not a word had been spoken by either.

"Did you ever walk through that wood by night?" he asked, as they passed an ivy-clothed paling, through which a small gate gave access to a solem mass of foliage beyond. "No." "Then let us go now."

"No, no," she said, hanging back timidly, "the gate is locked, we cannot get in."

"That is easily managed; I will lift you over. You are not afraid are you? No—no—you could not be afraid of *me*."

The last words were uttered in the tones of the deepest melancholy, and so softly, that nothing but the dead stillness of the air around enabled her to catch them. The meshes of the web of fate were drawing close around her, and she strove in vain to frame a refusal, as he lifted her gently over the paling. He had always appeared so quiet and passive, that she had no idea of his immense strength, until she felt herself thus wafted from the familiar garden into the shadow of the dark wood, whose pendent boughs seemed to shut her in from the world as completely as the encompassing spirit which hovered over her, and was rapidly drawing it to himself. Leaning upon his arm, she walked on beneath the "high embowed roof," through which, by fits, the moonlight poured in a rich stream, making the surrounding shades more gloomy by the contrast. The hush of nature fell upon her soul and stilled its discontented heavings; in the strong arm that supported her she felt more than mere physical protection. By something resembling the mystic power which had subdued her cousin to her haughty will, she felt that arm to be but a type of the intellectual strength which could bow her to a sweet and willing thraldom. And still they walked on in silence. A sudden rustling among the dried leaves startled her. "Do not be afraid," he said pressing her arm gently to his own; "it is only a hare, as justly alarmed at you, as you at it. See yonder—down in that open glade—there are a host of them gamboling in the moonshine."

She clung closer to his side; the sense of being protected was now and delightful to her, for from her infancy she had met only with those who had yielded to the impetuosity of her character. She had known no controlling hand of either parent or guardian. A doting old grandmother had brought her up, whose grand maxims were that "Constance was always right," and "Constance must not be thwarted." But her woman's heart yearned for something to rest upon; something of strength sufficient to support all the tender feelings which she had vainly endeavored to twine round that conceited entity—her cousin Eustace; and that something she seemed suddenly to have discovered in the hitherto unheeded companion of this moonlight ramble.

She sat to rest herself upon the trunk of a felled tree, in a space where the wood was cleared. The glorious light lay upon her white brow and rich hair, and cast a halo around her. Englehart leaned against a branch of the same tree, and recited to her Shelley's magnificent hymn "to Intellectual Beauty." He possessed, in a high degree, that rarest accomplishment, the art of reading well; and now his sonorous voice fell upon her ear, every tone modulated by the most exquisite feeling, she felt herself moved by a power that the finest singer would have failed to exercise. And those tones, oh! how well did they express that he saw in her, the temple of the divinity to which that fervent hymn was breathed! In her heart she contrasted this homage which acknowledged her equality while timidly laying at her feet the lowliest worship, with the affected adoration of her affianced husband, who only raised her from the "natural inferiority of woman" to the elevation of a godess, *because* he condescended to honor her with his admiration.

The last words died away and with them the courage and animation of the speaker. A silence, that became every moment more oppressive, ensued. Constance found no words to praise, nor Englehart to comment; and while she trembled to give too flattering a construction to his tones, his heart sank at not receiving the praises that her rapt attention had led him to expect. Frightened at the

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,"

which agitated her breast, Constance at length started up saying hurriedly, "It must be very late; we had better return."

He hesitatingly offered his arm, which she, fearing to take it when offered so equivocally, feigned not to see. His arm dropped to his side, and then she would have given the world to recall the unintentional slight. And then they retraced their steps side by side, but not, as before, arm-in-arm.

"She has penetrated my secret, and she scorns me," was Englehart's mournful reflection; but this terrible silence must be broken, Mr. Montgomery has derived considerable benefit from mesmerism, has he not, Miss Wilton?"

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, stopping short. "I had totally forgotten him; and I left him in a trance! Will it hurt him?"

"I think not. But is it possible you could have forgotten him?"

"I had, indeed. He is not so agreeable when present that I should dream of him when absent."

"Have you quarrelled with him?"

"He is not worth a quarrel."

"You astonish me! Do you not, then—oh, pray let our long friendship be my excuse for asking this question—do you not love him as you used to do?"

"I never *loved* him," she answered, with an accent of melancholy scorn upon the word "loved." "I tried to do so because, by my dear grandmother's wish, we were bethrothed; and even now, when I see his beautiful face under the influence of mesmerism, purified from his habitual coxcombry, I feel that I could love him very dearly if he were to remain so always. But such love could not bring me happiness. A pretty puppet, obeying my wishes—echoing my thoughts—bending to my will—and pleasing my eyes only with his external loveliness (for you must confess he is beautiful—too beautiful for a man;) such is not the being whom I could reverence as I should wish to reverence a husband. Once, for a few moments," she continued, speaking hurriedly, and in an agitated voice, "I felt the sensation of being protected. Self-sufficing and independent as you may think me, this feeling was so delightful that I shall never more be satisfied without it. Is Eustace the wise counsellor—the calm, clear-headed friend—the intellectual companion who would guide and support my steps through life?"

"Will you take my arm?" murmured Englehart, as her foot slipped over a piece of broken ground. Was it his imagination that deceived him, or did she really press that arm gently against her side as she passed hers within it? Oh no, Mr. Englehart, a capital guide and support you'd be for another person's faltering steps, when your own reel about as if you had been drinking champagne, "There is one impediment to my breaking off with Eustace," pursued Constance, summoning resolution to say something that was very unpleasant, but which her companion's unsteady steps warned her *must* be said, and that speedily, "by the conditions of my grandmother's will, it is specified, that if either should decline this marriage, on which she had so set her heart, he or she forfeits his or her share of the property."

"Thank God!—now, then, I may speak!" exclaimed Englehart, in an ecstasy; because I am poor, the idea of your wealth has been hanging round your neck for these two years, and prevented my seeking that intimate friendship which I felt sure you would have accorded to me. But what you have said this evening with regard to your feelings towards your cousin, and some strange sympathies that seem to have been awakened since we came into this wood together, and also what you have just told me about the will, emboldens me to speak freely. But is there need of speech? Constance! let me see your eyes!"

He stopped in a gleam of moonlight. She looked up into his face, and in another minute she was folded to his breast, and his first impassioned kiss was printed on her lips. And was this the sober scentific book-worm, who came and went so composedly that Constance scarcely noticed his presence unless she was in want of some information, in which case she had recourse to him as a cyclopædia!

"Is it not strange?" said Constance, as, encircled by his arm, she trod the wood-paths again, *not*, however, towards home—"is it not strange that Eustace foretold this to-night? When slightly *clairvoyant*, I asked him who would be my husband; he replied, with an effort, 'the step is on the stair.' In a moment you came in; and quite overcome by a strange feeling of terror, I fainted. Afterwards, on the balcony, I experienced a strong desire to get down into the garden and hide myself from you; and yet all the while I should have been very much disappointed if you had not found me."

And so they went on—talking, talking—like two quiet streams that, when they flow together, babble continually in their crossing currents.

What a glorious moonlight walk that was! How many confessions were made! How often had he sat in her library, apparently absorbed in a book, while every sense was lost in the single consciousness of her presence! And once, when she required an explanation of some scientific terms, he had stooped so low to look at the book she held that his face touched her hair; and how for months afterwards he lived in hopes that she would come to another difficulty in her reading; and how he used to look at Eustace Montgomery, and then at himself in a glass, and wonder how he dared, even in thought, put such a rough-hewn brute in comparison with such an Adonis; and how, when she asked him to to show her the mesmeric passes, he trembled with joy to think that she might be going to ask him to mesmerize her; and how he felt ready to hang himself when he found she indended to practice it herself to cure Eustace of his headaches; and how Constance had tried to frame objections to going into the wood, but could not utter them; and how she felt as though a fine net-work had been cast over her which she could not shake off and how she had felt a strange dislike to him until the moment when he lifted her over the paling; and how, after that, the thraldom in which he seemed to hold her had been pleasanter than perfect liberty; and how she had felt his eyes were fixed on her when he was reciting; and how she had been conscious that he loved her, but feared, she knew not why, to give him a chance of saying so. But wherefore repeat all this? Everybody who has taken a moonlight walk, or anything equivalent, can imagine it; and any one who has not, would only find the details tedious.

Briefly, then two hours longer did the forgotten Eustace recline in his easy chair, before the lovers slowly ascended to the balcony, still deep in talk, as though they had been parted for years, and had many an important adventure to relate,

"What's to be done with him?" said Constance; "if I awake him now, he will certainly suspect something; for it is nearly three o'clock."

"Are the servants gone to bed?" inquired Englehart.

"Oh, yes—long ago. They know that perfect stillness is requisite while Eustace is set to sleep, and so they retire without disturbing us."

"Then we can easily dispose of Adonis. Tell him to go to bed, and awake at seven. He'll know nothing about it in the morning. Poor fellow!" he added with a sigh as Eustace, still in the mesmeric trance walked off to bed—"poor fellow! it would be cruel to wake him now and tell him of the sad reverse that has taken place in his prospects."

"Reverse!" cried Constance, with a merry laugh; "he'll think he has by far the best of the bargin. Why he will have all the property, without the incumbrance of my fastidious self; and so I shall lose that crowning of human perfection, Eustace Montgomery!"

"Nay, nay, Constance; coxcomb, as he undoubtedly is, he is not such an egregious ass as you think him."

"We shall see," she replied, confidently: "come early, and we will tell him together. And now—good-night—oh! I feel so happy!"

"Then what are those tears for? Foolish one! *Happy* are you, in giving up wealth for such an ugly fellow as I am?"

"You are all that my eyes desire to rest upon—all that my arms long to encircle—and what could I wish for more?—I would not have you altered for the world," &c.

Query: Do leave-takings, under these circumstances, usually occupy an hour?

Early the next morning, Constance took her place at the breakfast table. Her placid old aunt, who lived in the house and personified propriety, looked at her through her spectacles, and marvelled at the bright glow on her cheek and the brilliancy of her eyes.

"How the deuce did I get to bed last night?" said Eustace, lounging into the room.

"Oh! you went at my bidding in the trance, under orders to awake at seven."

"What now freak was that?" asked the innocent old aunt. But who could depict the look of impertinent compassion which mantled on the young man's features as he leaned back in his chair, and daintily stirred his coffee.

"The fact was," he at length lisped forth, "that you stayed there admiring me so long, that you were ashamed to let me know what time it was. Ha!—ha!——"

"The fact was," said Constance sharply, while an angry flush overspread her brow, "that I *did* leave you in the trance till very late, but it was because I was taking a walk and totally forgot you."

"Taking a walk!" repeated the fop, assuming an air of authority; "good heavens, Miss Wilton, what do you mean?"

"Simply what I said," replied Constance: "but eat your breakfast; we'll talk about all that by-and-by."

There is a step on the gravelled path—a tap at the window—and a rich voice that says, "May I come in?"

Eustace had started up, "Oh! it's only Englehart," he said, and sank back again.

"Yes! it's *only* Englehart," repeated Constance meeting him, and placing both her hands within his. A few whispered words and then he advanced to the old lady. "Pretty well, I thank you, sir," she answered to his salutation; "but how did you come?"

"Through the wood and over the garden paling."—Constance tittered, and Englehart bit his lips.

Breakfast over, Miss Wilton announced to her aunt and consin that she had requested Mr. Englehart's presence as a witness to an important business transaction. She then begged her aunt to produce a copy of her grandmother's will, in which was duly found the clause whereby either of them declining to fulfill the contract was to lose all claim to the property. Fortunately, however, a codicil provided that such forfeiture should be mitigated by an annuity of two hundred pounds a year.

"And now, Eustace, I must tell you that you are free from your engagement to me. The undivided possession of the large property we were to have shared, will, I know, more than compensate you for the loss of one whom you never loved. We shall be better friends, I doubt not, when free, than we ever could be while yoked togother, and dragging in opposite directions. For myself, I think my freedom, and the power to give my hand where my heart is," and she put her hand into Englehart's, "would be cheaply purchased by twice the amount I resign you."

Eustace stared at her in astonishment. Then he surveyed himself from head to foot in a mirror; looked at Englehart, and burst into a loud laugh.

"Laugh away—I can afford your ridicule," said his rival, good humoredly.

"And this is the result of your last night's walk, is it Constance?"

"Precisely. Furthermore, you foretold what was to happen while you were in the trance."

"By Jupiter!" muttered Eustace, "I would be mesmerized again if I thought it would turn to such good account."

Constance and Englehart were married soon after in a very quiet, unostentatious fashion, and settled in a beautiful little cottage on the borders of the wood which had witnessed their moonlight walk. What muttered it that she no longer owned the stately trees that composed it? Their shade was hers, and their beauty; and the many pleasant associations that hung about them were as completely hers as though her fiat could have consigned their noble trunks to the axe and the saw-pit.

ADVICE FOR SUMMER.

Don't gormandize. We hate a glutton at all times, but especially in summer. It is monstrous to see men, when the mercury is up to 90, cram a pound of fat meat down their throats. Don't you know that animal food increases the bile? Eat sparingly, and be sure and masticate what you eat. Don't bolt your food like an anaconda.—Take exercise early in the morning. Ah! what fools we are to sweat in bed, when the cool breezes of the morning invite us forth, and the birds and the dew, and streams are murmuring, in their own quiet way, pleasant music which arouse a kindred melody in the soul,

Be good natured. Don't get into any angry discussion on politics or religion. There will be time enough to talk the former over when the weather becomes cooler, and as for the latter, the less you quarrel about it the better. Religion is a good thing, but when you fight in its name, you show yourselves ignorant of its principles, and unswayed by its influence.

Bathe often—three times a week—every day. The exposure is nothing to the benefits derived. If you would enjoy health, have a clear head, a sweet stomach, a cheerful disposition, put your carcass under the water every day, and when you emerge use the brush vigorously for five minutes. There is nothing like the pure bracing water. We never dip beneath its surface without thanking God for having placed such a health-promoting element within our reach.

NOBLE EXAMPLE.—"Why did you not take the arm of my brother last night?" said a young lady to her friend a very intelligent girl, about nineteen, in a large town near lake Ontario. She replied, "Because I knew him to be a licentious young man." "Nonsense," was the answer of the sister, "if you refuse the attentions of all licentious men, you will have none at all, I can assure you."—"Very well," said her friend, "then I can dispense with them altogether—for I tell you that my resolution on the point is unalterably and immovably fixed." How long do you think it would take to revolutionize society, were all young ladies to adopt this resolution?

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft, brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's soft whisper, breathed a prayer.
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sweltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid,
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like snow-flake, white and mute;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls unsoiled as these,
Need daily mercy from thy throne;
If she, upon her bended knees—
Our holiest and our purest one—
She with a face so pure and bright,
We deem her some stray child of night;
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardly, if she win not heaven
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

THE SUPREME POWER.

"It has been as beautiful as truly said, that the undevout astronimer is mad." The same remark might with equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravigant can be named, than that the grand and far-reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the immediate presence of that tremendious Power, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, as the proofs are graven in eternal characters on the side of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that composes its surface, and which are also, day by day and hour by hour, at work, to feed the fires of the volcano, pour fourth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science in to a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the centry of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning—whose mild and lovely beam seems to shed a spirit of tranquility, not unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solutude to behold it—is in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere—a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uppermost parts of creation, and then shutting our eyes on the radient points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well instructed mind sees opening before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conslusions which we reach are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them: the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises from which it is deducted; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to the earth and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean shepard, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense.

But in the province of geology, there are some subjects in which the sense seems, as it were led up into the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitol at Washington.—He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size and form and matertal, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which was hardened into the solid, lustrious and varigated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds a record of the convulsion of the globe.

Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the glazy stream of molten rocks, that oozes quietly at his feet, encasing the surface of the mountain as it cools with a most black and stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcanic island, which arose a few years since in the neighborhood of Malta, spouting flames, from the depth of the sea; or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antartic ocean, who, finding the centre of a small island to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides, where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship in the smouldering crater of a recently extenguished volcano.—Or finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark, a mineral fountain of salubrious qualities of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth in the region where it is found, compounded with numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eight hundred years, unchanged, exhausted. The religious of the elder world in an early stage of civilization placed a genius of a divinity by the side of every spring which gushed from the rocks, or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man, who should resort for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the outstretched, though invisible, hand of an everywhere present and benignant Power.—*Edward Everett.*

THE MAN THAT KILLED THE MONKEY.

The Recorder's dock was yesterday filled with persons of all sorts and all classes. The drover from the West, who instead of selling his horses, got sold himself; the Bowery 'b'hoy,' just arrived from New York; the poor Irishman, whose only fault was that he loved liberty, potatoes and whiskey; and many others, with points of character, as an auctioneer would say, "too numerous to mention." Like a giant who had been dwindled down from his original proportions, by some process or other, Jack Lion stood up in the dock, the admired of all observers. Jack had a pair of corduroy pantaloons, red a vest, and a coarse blue blanket-coat. He had been picked up in the street for lying drunk, and was escorted to the guard-house by one of the faithful guardians of the police. Jack had a pug nose, and a pair of eyes that were as restless as those of a lynx. His cheeks were ruddy, and his nose was the color of any owl-cut beefsteak. Jack was evidently a native of England, and had no boubt been born within the sound of the "Bow Bells."

"Jack Lion!" said the Recorder; and Jack instantly rose up, whimpering like a child, and after having wiped his eye with the sleeve of his coat, remarked, "I'm' ere sir."

"Jack, you were brought up last night for having been found drunk in the streets—what have you to say for yourself?"

"I ain't got nothin' perticklar to say for myself, sir, only that I'm a misfortunate man, and a victim of conscience!"

"What have you been doing, that causes you to make a drunkard of yourself?"

"I've been doing nothin', your vurship, but I once belonged to a carrywan!"

"A carrywan—what's that?"

"A carrywan, your vurship, is a manajerry—a place in which hanimals is kept for public wiew, and for the information of the risin' generation, in order to instruct 'em into the rudiments of geology."

"What did you do in the establishment that you speak of?' asked the Recorder, with a smile on his countenance.

"I was an instructor and intimate friend of the beasts, and if your vurship will let me go on, I'll tell my tale."

"Go on," said the Recorder.

"You see, sir, when I come from Liverpool, I arrived in New York, and got a sittiwation in Welch & Delavan's manajerry. I told 'em as 'ow I didn't know nothin' much about hannimals, but seein' that I was willin' they put me to takin' charge of the helephant. I had to wash his tusks and keep his trunk dry, 'cept when he wanted water. That heledhant was one on 'em sir; but after all my kindness to him, one day he broke the bond of fellowship between us.'

"How was that, Lion?' inquired the recorder.

"I was givin' him a happle one mornin', which I found in the sawdust in the ring, and pokin' out his long snout, he took it with all the gracefulness in the world. I see his countenance all wreathed in smiles, and jist as as I was makin' some observations on the beautity of his features, he give me a lick that knocked me against the cage of the kangaroo, as was located near him.

At this portickler moment, a little monkey as was a friend of mine, hopped down and lighted on the helophant's neck. The big bruto couldd't get hold of the little feller, and instead of plunging his tusks into me, he commenced runnin' round the ring. Oh, if your vurship had seen the tigers and lions lashing their tails—the zobra changin' its stripes—the bears tryin' to gnaw their iron bars—the poll-parrots screamin' all sorts of things—the camel raisin' his hump, and the rhinoceros elewatin' his snout, you'd a'most died with fear. There I laid, right by the cage of the long-legged kangaroo, that every now and then poked out his fore paw to grab me—an there was the helephant a traworsin' round, with poor little Jacko on his back. In a little while, sir, the helephant stopped his ramblin,' and the monkey run on to the top of his cage. I owed the preservation of my precious life to that monkey, and yet I killed him!"

Here Jack Lion burst into tears, but the Recorder, in a peremptory tone, told him to go on.

"Well, sir, the monkey and me got to be friends. I used to buy him ground-nuts and ginger-cakes, and all that sort of thing. When I used to give little Jacko anything, the leopords and hyenas would howl as if hearkn and earth was coming together; the tigers would grin and gnash their teeth; the polar-bear, a wery respectable beast, in a white coat, would snarl, as much as to say, "On, if I had you on a cake 'oice, wot a meal I'd have of you!' still I didn't care; the monkey had saved my life, and agin I say I was grateful. One day the little feller took sick, and I went to the pothecary's to get some medicine. The pothicary's boy, instead of given' me magnesia, put up a paper of arsenic. Poor Jacko took the dose, and the consequence was, that in a few hours he was on his beem-hands, and Mr. Welch laid his foot on mine I was kicked out, sir, and ever since I've been addicted to licker."

The Recorder told Jack that he might go, but never to come back again with the memory of the monkey on his conscience. The police officers said that the monkey spoken of by Jack was an ideal one, and that the real fact was, that he had a touch of the "red monkeys."—*N. O. Delta.*

NEWSPAPER CREDIT SYSTEM.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, speaking of the National Intelligencer, says that the outstanding debts due to that establishment, are estimated at 100,000 dollars.

This shows the folly of the credit system in the newspaper business. The National Intelligencer is one of the oldest newspapers in the country; and we believe that its list of subscribers is on the score of respectability, wealth and mind, equal if not superior to that of any other establishment in the country. There is hardly a Whig planter in the Southern States but is a subscriber to the Intelligencer. There are hundreds of persons, men of wealth too, who have for years been receiving and reading that paper without contributing a cent to the support of its proprietors, two of the most generous hearted men in the printing business in the United States.

We doubt not that there are other subscription papers, the proprietors of which can tell as sad a story as that given above. The loss to every paper of the kind is not less, on an average, than twenty per cent. per annum.—We know an instance which occurred in this city a few years ago, where an old establishment was compelled to fail, and at the same time its outstanding debts were not less than $26,900, not one quarter of which was ever collected by the assignees. The late Major Russell once attempted to draw up his subscribers to a paying point—some of them were indebted to him for twenty years' subscription. One of these, an old farmer, having received a lawyer's letter, called upon the Major, and in a great rage ordered him to stop his paper. "I'll be d—d," said he, "if I will take a paper of any man who duns me to pay for it!" The old scoundrel had read the paper for over 20 years without paying a cent to its proprietor.—*Boston Herald.*

IMPULSE.—Men, who are called impulsive, are much slandered. Are not the most noble, generous actions which adorn the annals of the world, referable to this agent? Reason is even exalted above impulse; but how lallible is reason! Is it not often opposed to faith, and does it not lead to the most dangerous errors? So far as the boundaries of our experience extend, warm impulse has prompted more good deeds than cold reason. We would sooner trust that man in whose breast glows the fire of enthusiasm, than him who, cool and collected at all times, seldom acts without suspicion, and often deliberates till the hour of advantage has passed. Faults, committed without reflection, are certainly not more venial than premeditated ..... He who errs hastily repents sincerely: but the wrong done upon calculation is never willingly repaired. Would that society were more lenient to impulse! Even when productive of harm, it is unselfish, and the consequences to which it leads are hurtful to no one so much as to its possessor. Pity is no stranger to the impulsive man, and not seldom do the tears of sympathy fall from his eyes. To friendship he is faithful, and for love he would sacrifice both interest and worldly esteem. Let us be compassionate, therefore, to the errors of impulse, while we respect the calm dictates of caution and prudence.

The Lexington Budget says that "Mother Eve married a gardener." It might have added that the said gardener, in consequence of his imprudent match, lost his situation,

Foreign News by the Niagara.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

General Summary.—The Niagara experienced a succession of heavy gales from the west, southwest, during the whole passage. Her freight list shows £8,000 in specie.

The Niagara, as we learn from one of the officers, exchanged signals with a large steamer, supposed to be the Europa, off Holyhead, at midnight on the 30th ult.

The cities of Liverpool and Havre are to be connected by a line of first class steamers under the direction of Mr. McIver, agent of the Cunard steamers.

In Parliament the bill for the removal of the Jewish disabilities has been rejected in the Upper House by a majority of 25, ministers not venturing to call for the proxies. The rejection for the city of London and Baron Rothschilds has already accepted the Chilton Hundreds and made an appeal to the electors. His election is considered certain.

The House of Commons has affirmed the second reading of the marriage bill, to render void marriages with the sisters of deceased wife.

The Affirmation Bill, which recently completed its passage through the Commons, has been rejected in the Lords by a large majority.

The Smith O'Brien Transportation Bill is now an Act of Parliament, but it is said to contain a fatal blunder, and it is supposed that the approaching visit of Her Majesty to Ireland will be signalized by extending Her Royal Pardon to the Irish state prisoners.

France.—In the course of the debate in the French Assembly, on foreign affairs, the Ministers declared that there was no danger of war; M. De Tocqueville said that after having more carefully considered the subject, he had been unable to discover the slightest trace of that new Holy Alliance of which honorable members had expressed such jealousy.

In the course of his speech M. De Tocqueville talked of the frankness of the Russian Government, an expression that was received with shouts of derision and laughter.

During the debate, Gen. Cavaignac made a most important speech, which may be considered as the resume of the principles of that section of the Republican party which, while it desires peace, is prepared for war—which while it supports order, insists on progress.

The new law against clubs has been already put in force.

On Monday the Ministry introduced into the Legislative Assembly a bill for regulating the press.—M. Odillon Barrot stated that it was intended merely as a temporary measure, to regulate the position of the press until the organic law on the subject should be passed.

The new law is nearly the same as the law of Louis Phillippe, and powers are given for the temporery suppression of every journal attacking the constitution or making an appeal to arms.

The number of persons arrested at Lyons in consequence of the attepted insurrection amounted to more than 200.

Letters give accounts from Rome to the 19th of June, from which it appears that the loss sustained in their different sorties, has been terrible—amounting it is said, to 1000 killed, wounded and taken prisoners.

The Pope has remitted the sum of 20,000 francs for the relief of the distressed in Ireland. The sum is acknowledged by Archbishop McHale.

The bickerings which have been carried on between the President and the Ministry are rapidly approaching an issue, which it is supposed will lead to the retirement of some of the leading members of the Cabinet. The principal cause of discord is the anomalous fratricidal policy in Italy.

The French Procureur General has prepared another requisition against seven members of the mountain implicated in the affair of the 13th June. The greater part represent the department of the lower Rhine.

Probable Surrender of Rome.—After a severe bombardment, three squadrons of the French army succeeded in establishing themselves within the outer walls of Rome on the 22d ult.

They have since been occupied with operations for acquiring possession of the interior bastions and defences, but up to the 23th and 24th they had not made much progress.

Every inch of ground was stoutly defended by Garribaldi.

The latest intelligence from the French camp at Rome states that General Oudinot had so far succeeded in his operations upon the outworks that the city was entirely at his mercy, to spare which, and the horrors of a frightful carnage, he has submitted fresh terms to the triumvirate, which it was thought would be accepted by the Romans.

It is said that the English government has presented a friendly remonstrance against the bombardment of Rome, and has urged on the French government the necessity of coming to an accommodation with the Romans.

Austria and Hungary.—The Hungarians were partially defeated by the Austrian troops on the 21st, and were forced to retire beyond the Waag, where, from the nature of the country, they will be better able to repel the advance of the invading forces.

It appears from the letters in the Austrian and German journals, that engagements have recently taken place between the Austrians and Hungarians at Kapovar Szered and on points of the Waag; but while some ascribe the victory to the Austrians others give it to the Hungarians. The German Reform, which hitherto has been favorable to the Austrians, says that they have sustained severe checks.

It is said that cholera, typhus, and other maladies are raging in the camp, and that the Magyars display greater enthusiasm than ever.

It was reported that the Austrians had taken Raab. Kossuth has ordered the Austrian prisoners, several thousand in number, to be employed on the works of the Szolonok and Debreczin railway.

The Russian army, in four columns, marched from Gallicia into Hungary on the 17th and 18th, under the command of Prince Paskewych. Their last headquarters was at Bartfoeld.

From China and Java.—The Chinese Emperor had refused to carry out the two treaties, which provided that Canton should be open to foreigners. In the communication of Seu, the Governor of Canton, to Mr. Bonham, he says the Emperor had determined that, as the people of Canton had refused to receive foreigners into the town, how can he force an opposite course into the people?

From the nature of the proclamation it is quite plain that the authorities were prepared to resist the entrance of the foreigners into the city, but a great sacrifice of human blood has been averted by Lord Palmerston having given special directions that nothing more should be done than report the repudiation of the treaty to him.

The large naval force which had assembled in the Canton river to protect the British interest has all dispersed.

Accounts from Java announce a complete victory by the Dutch. The attack on Bally commenced on the 13th April, and after thirteen hours' hard fighting, all the fortifications were taken, and the Netherland flag was hoisted within the walls. The Balinese, it is said, had 5,000 killed, and the loss of the Dutch was about 250. It is assumed that the island will forthwith be annexed to the Dutch possessions.

Austrian Italy.—Advices from Italy to the 18th, have been received, from which we learn that Ancona, after a destructive bombardment of two days, had surrendered to the Austrian General. The terms of capitulation are a political amnesty to the inhabitants.

The bombardment of Venice has been suspended in consequence of proposals of capitulation having been made by the besieged.

Denmark and the Duchies.—The London Globe of Friday, on information in which it places full credit, states that the Schleswig affair draws rapidly to a conclusion, and that the final settlement may be expected in a fortnight. Hostilities, however, are still carried on between the belligerents, but without any important results.

Germany.—The accounts from Central Germany and Prussia are of a much more pacific character than heretofore.

The insurrectionary forces of Baden have been routed. It is said the army under the command of the Prince of Prussia, Manhim and Peidelburgh were taken. The insurgents were dispersed or in rapid retreat. A revolt had broken out at Wurtemburg, joined by many soldiers.

From Yucatan.

Defeat and Slaughter of the Government Troops.—By the arrival at New Orleans on the 2d inst., of the Mexican schooner Felipe, Capt. Hernandez, four days from Sisal, the *Picayune* received *El Boletin*, official of Murida, to the 18th ult. *inclusive*.

The *Boletin* of the 16th contains an account of a sanguinary affair between the Yucateco troops and the Indians, which took place at the distance of a league from the town of Titue, and in which the former were routed with great slaughter. It appears by the report of the commanding officer, Col. Don Jose Doloxes Basos, that for want of provisions he was obliged to evacuate Titue with his detachment, consisting of 535 men, which was effected on the morning of the 11th. When distant one league from that town, he was intercepted by an overwhelming force of Indians, who attacked him with the greatest fury. After standing their ground until a large number was slain, the Yucatecoes fled, leaving all their baggage, ammunition, &c., in the hands of their foes.

Of the whole detachment only 187 with their colonel made their escape. They managed to reach Sa bau, carrying off only two officers and fifteen soldiers of the wounded. On the 13th, however, one hundred more of the fugitives, with two sub-lieutenants, made their appearance at Sacalaca.—There were 78 head of cattle, and all the horses and baggage of the officers captured.

The Indians were still closely besieging Tihousuco. No other record of events is made in these papers.

A Remarkable Case.—Most of our readers will doubtless remember an account of a shocking murder, which appeared in our columns a few weeks ago, as having been recently perpetrated in the county of Putnam. Mr. David Ross, a very wealthy and prominent citizen of that county, was returning from his factory on the Ocone river, to his family residence, about half a mile or three quarters distant, at nine nine o'clock on a dark night. While passing through the swamp on foot and alone, he was shot dead with a double barrelled gun, in the hands of some person unknown. One of the charges took effect in the head, and the other in the body of the deceased.—The assassin stood so near as to burn his victim with the powder. The Coroner's Jury, after a patient and laborious investigation, rendered a verdict, charging a son of Mr. Ross with the murder. We learn from a citizen of Putnam, that one of the circumstances which led to this conclusion, was the examination of one of the wads with which the gun was loaded. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased was the only subscriber to the Macon Telegraph in his neighborhood; and upon close examination it was discovered that one of the wads was composed of a piece torn from that source, that the number of the paper from which the wad was torn, was found in a shot-bag which had been used by young Ross on the day the murder was committed. The piece was compared, and fitted so complete as to satisfy the jury that the wad had been taken from the same paper found in the shot-bag. This, we understand was one of the strongest circumstances that settled suspecion on the young man.—*Dalton (Ga). Eagle.*

Beaver Islands—Mormons.—We copy from the Buffalo Express, the following interesting account of a settlement of these peculiar and suffering people on one of the islands in our Lake:

"The Beaver Islands—ten in number—lie in the bosom of Lake Michigan, in about latitude 45 deg. 40 min., and are beginning to attract considerable attention, both on account of the healthfulness of their climate, the extent of their fisheries, and as the Zion, or land of promise, of a considerable body of Mormons, the followers of Mr. Strang. Big Beaver Island, the principal one of the group, is thirteen miles in length by seven in breadth, containing about 60,000 acres of fertile and well-timbered lands. Paradise Bay forms the principal harbor, and is the seat of an extensive trade in fish, wood, &c. It is easily accessible, perfectly land-locked, and sufficiently capacious for all the craft on the Lakes.

"Around this bay the Mormons are making their settlements. There are two wood-yards and three stores in operation—a steam saw mill is going up, and improvements are commenced on all the lands within four miles, besides various commencements in other locations. There are now employed in the fisheries some two hundred boats, and five or six hundred fishermen; but the opening of farms, the building of mills, and the establishment of all the various branches of business, always found in a settlement of a free and enterprizing population, will soon leave this branch of business of comparative non-importance. Good stocks of cows have been brought on by the Mormons, who are intending to devote much attention to agriculture, with every prospect of success. Notwithstanding the high latitude, all the fine grains flourish; and the prospect is that the grazing will be of the finest quality. In case they shall succeed, they will be able to furnish supplies to the lake trade at a point where there is no competition within two hundred miles, and where the demand must always be great."

Singular Phenomena.—The Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Democratic Advocate of the 13th ult., says that a most singular sight was witnessed a few days since, upon the premises of a Mr. Bessy, in the lower part of that town. The earth for twenty or thirty feet square, appeared to be in a state of natural "spontaneous combustion." Flames were seen to issue to a height sufficient to attract the attention of persons a hundred yards off, and many of them upon repairing to the spot, found the earth on fire, sending forth somewhat of a sulphurious smell. An attempt was made to quench the mysterious fire by copious drenchings of water, but it was like adding fuel to the flame, causing the fire to burn with more vehemence, and producing the same crackling noise as that of grease and water when commingled and brought in contact with fire—Eventually, however, an experiment was tried which proved successful. A heap of ashes were obtained and profusly scattered over the "burning district;" water being then poured over them, an alkaline composition was produced which proved an effectual extinguisher of the anqua-oleaginous fire which had been raging below: and when, says the Advocate, we visited it on Monday afternoon we could distinguish no appearance of fire or heat save that which poured down upon us from old Sol above, and which was of a nature severe enough for all comfortable purposes.

Nathan Clifford.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, writing from the city of Mexico, says that "the American minister, Mr. Clifford, lives in a style creditable to himself and country, but I will venture to say without profit to his purse. That Californian is an exception to the rule who passes through Mexico without passing through the minister's house, and, if he is in any trouble, through the minister's heart too—for he has a heart as big as natural kindness and natural affection, amounting to a feeling of near kindred, can make it. His door is always open, and instead of a footman to answer inquiries, he is on the threshold himself, to show at the first glance that he is at home, and every countryman feels himself at home too."

Yet we hear that Mr. Clifford is to be recalled.

Dr. V. P. Coolidge.—The Thomaston (Me.) Gazette, speaking of the report that the body supposed to be that of Dr. V. P. Coolidge, at the time of interment, and subsequently discovered to be that of some one else, says:—"We have good authority for pronouncing it utterly false. A letter has been received by the officers of the prison, from North Livermore, the place were Coolidge's friends reside, stating that the excitement in that town was so intense that hundreds of citizens assembled for the purpose of disinterring the body; a committee of seven were chosen to examine it, among whom were two physician intimately acquainted with the subject in his life time, and they unanimously pronounced it that of Valorous P. Coolidge. An official statement is being prepared as we go to press. The full particulars will then be given which will relieve the public mind, and set this foolish matter at rest and the authors of those malicious reports will probably receive their just deserts.

A Most Horrible Murder was committed last week in Robertson county, by R. E. A. Washington, upon an old man, one of his neighbors, named James Green. The murder was committed without any provocation. A constable with a posse who attempted to arrest Washington, were warned off by him telling them that he would kill them. He subsequently made his escape and was seen in Logan county in this State. The Governor of Tennessee has offered a reward of $250 for his apprehension.—[*Louisville Jour., June 30th.*

Items of News.

New York, July 16—7 P. M.

The disease in this city is carrying off many of our most respectable citizens. Among them we notice James Reyburn, and extensive and much esteemed cotton merchant in Wall street. Dr. A. Brainard and Alexander R. Wyckoff, are also numbered with the dead.

The total interments for the past week are said to be nearly 1000.

Brooklin, July 16.

Since Saturday last there have been 48 cases and 14 deaths.

Baltimore, July 16.

John D. Burch a respectable clerk in the Baltimore and Cuba smelting works, was shot through the head last night while engaged in writing. He expired almost immediately. The Murderer has not been discovered.

Pittsburgh, July 15—6 P. M.

Tremendous fire is now raging in Allegheny City and already some 25 or 30 buildings are in ashes, including Dr. Swift's church. It is impossible at present to tell where or when it will stop, as no water is thrown to stay its progress, in consequence of a disagreement between the firemen and the city council, who refused the necessary appropriations for repairing the engines.

A number of companies from Pittsbntgh are on the spot to render assistance, but the mob will not allow them to work—30 houses at least have been destroyed. Another Despatch at 5 o'clock P. M. states, we are sorry to say that the authorities have found it necessary to call out the military to enable the Pittsburgh firemen to do effective service in quelling the fire in Alleygheny City, and protect the lives of the inhabitants.

New York, July 16.

Additional Foreign News.—A Telegraph Despatch to the New York Courier contains nothing very definite as to Rome or Hungary.

The late victories of the Austrians over the Hungarians were much exaggerated. The Hungarians having crossed the Waag, suddenly made a violent attack on the Imperialist position, and penetrated into the centre.

After a battle of three days with two Imperialist armies, the Hungarians retreated to their former position, but not without having in their onset done great damage to the Imperialist corps.

The Austrian Republicans have published a decree of the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Hayman, in which that military chieftain states that the inhabitants of the borough of Buschortang having aided and abetted the Hungarian insurgents in their attack upon the Brigade of Gen. Wyes, he, Gen. Hayman, had ordered their town to be burned and annihilated.

Constantinople.—The Porte has refused to comply with the imperative demand of Russia for the passage of 80,000 troops through Servia.

Rome.—The latest intelligence from Rome states that the French Government had received a Telegraphic dispatch announcing that the French had occupied Mt. Ovio, which gives the command of part of the city.

Philadelphia, July 17.

There were 20 cases and 14 deaths from Cholera at the Blockley Almshouse to-day.

The funeral obsequies to the memory of James K. Polk, took place at the Museum this morning.—The pageant was solemn and imposing. Mr. Dallas pronounced and eulogium. It was a glowing tribute to the exemplinary, private worth, eminent public services of the illustrious dead.

He was an hour and twenty minutes delivering the speech, during the whole of which time the most profound attention was paid to the speaker. The flags on the shipping and public buildings were all placed at half mast.

There were 496 cases and 111 deaths from Cholera for the week ending Saturday.

Interments from Cholera on Saturday 88; from other diseases 42. On Sunday from Cholera 58, from other diseases 34.

Cincinnati. July 16.

Interments from Cholera to-day 60, other diseases, 44. Yesterday 87 deaths from Cholera; other diseases 44.

Death of Colonel James Duncan.

During this season of disease, a succession of unexpected deaths has served painfully to confirm the truism, that the great destroyer "loves a shining mark." The telegraph yesterday reported the sudden decease of Col. James Duncan, Inspector General of the army, and one of the bravest and most brilliant heroes of the recent war. Gallant Duncan! we knew him well, and, like a thousand others, we loved him for his warm heart, his correct impulses, his expansive benevolence, his great modesty, and his manly devotion to the Truth. It is but a short time since we saw him—in full health and excellent spirits—his black eye sparkling with the conciousness that an enviable Future was before him, and that his services were not unappreciated by his countrymen. One of the last and noblest acts of Mr Polk's administration was the appointment of Duncan to the place vacated by the death of Col. Croghan. We do not know which as most grateful to the friends of Duncan—the extensive and unanimous feeling that asked his selection for that post, or the graceful promptitude with which the Executive yielded to it.

Col. Duncan was quite young, considering his fame, and was unmarried. His connection with the late war with Mexico was a history of triumphs, from his first gun that flashed at Palo Alto, to the lass he fired at Chepultepec. Everywhere he won laurelt for his bravery and for his modesty. Even in the bitter dispute with Gen. Scott, growing out of the turning of El Penon, the hill bristling with cannon on the way to the city of Mexico,—a feat that was Duncan's only—even in that dispute the issue left no impression but that which was most favorably to his skilll, judgement, discretion and ability. The intelligence of his premature death will cause many a true heart to mourn, and will tell with appalling force upon his relatives and friends. His best eulogy is, that he carved his way to distinction, and that he passed through many exciting events with scarcely an enemy, and with a reputation made brighter by contact and comparison. Peace to thy ashes, Duncan.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Exports of Breadstuffs from the United States.—It will probably strike many with surprise, that the amount of Indian corn shipped to Europe from the United State, during the past month of June, exceeds that of the same month in 1847, the famine year. The official statement of the exports for the month, have appeared in the New York *Shipping List*, and the quantity of corn exported is stated at 1,287 369 bushels being greater by 550,489 bushels than was shipped in the same month in 1847, and greater, we believe, than was ever shipped in any previous month. Yet great as this amount is, it is but a tithe of quanty of grain imported monthly into Great Britain, *to which country almost the entire of our exports of breadstuffs tend.—Daily Sun.*

You don't say so, neighbor? Now suppose, by the system of prohibipitory duties advocated by your party, Great Britain did not find it to her interest to use our vast surplus of agricultural products, how would the home market—ever the choicest poetry of the protection orators—make up for the customer we should thus be deprived of? Pray tell us, Cousin of Buckinham.—*Pennsylvanian.*

☞ The appointments to-day by the cabinet, attest that a healthy reform is still going on. The removals made in the Department of the Interior, by far outnumber those of any other; yet in the point of fact, Mr. Merridth is not much behind. He has many places to fill, of which the public generally know but little—*the publication of the appointments being inconsistant with the objects and ends to be accomplished! Philadelphia News.*

There is genuine old federalism for you. It has always been a favorite notion with whiggery that the people be kept in the dark; cannot safely be trusted with their own business; that they must blindly follow their leaders, and ask no questions. What are these "objects and ends" which dare not face the light? Some precious rascality doubtless. *Look to the Senate!—Indiana State Sentinel.*

A Cholera Incident.—The *N. Y. Express* relate the following melancholy incident: Two young ladies, beautiful and accomblished—Mary Louisa and Virginia Star, one 19 the other 21 years of age—were both engaged to be married on Monday last. On the Saturday night previous both went to Hoboken, and there imprudently partook of ice creams, strawberries, and other fruits. The hour appointed for the wedding found both of them cold in death, with their bridal garments for a winding sheet.

Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1849.

Democratic Nomination.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

JOHN A. GAMBLE,

OF LYCOMING COUNTY.

Annexation of Canada.—Consistency is a Jewel.

Gen. Scott, of the "hasty plate of soup" correspondence notoriety, has written a letter, which we find in the Philadelphia Daily *News*, in favor of the annexation of the Canadas, and that paper, taking its cue from the General, is out in full blast for the measure. The General is evidently laying an anchor to windward in order to reach the presidential chair, but whether the cable is not too long, and the breakers too numerous and near, is a problem which remains to be solved, but which the old political sailor, with half an eye, can see into, nevertheless. That the Canadas will ultimately be annexed to the Union, we have not the least shadow of doubt; but Gen. Scott and the *Daily News*, or any of their party, are the most unlikely to give such a measure popularity among the masses, of any that could be selected. When that measure is accomplished it must be so by that party which has successively added to our territory Lousiana, Florida, Texas, Oregon, New Mexico, and California. But the time has not yet arrived—the fruit is not ripe, and those who are in such a hurry to gather it will fall victims to their own foolishness, and die of the *summer complaint*, ere autumn has ripened the grain for the sickle or the fruit for the Congressional mill. The Canadas are now, it is true, in a state of fermentation, and the question of annexation is being discussed with much ability among them; but it will require much time, and more labor, to prepare them for the event. When they, the people we mean, *are* prepared—when they have become acquainted with our form of government, and enamored of its simple beauties—when they have repudiated the slavish belief in the "divine right of kings," and adopted the free and enobling principles upon which our republican superstructure rests, that all men are created free and equal, and consequently owe neither allegiance or fealty to men on account of birth or blood, then and not till then, will it be for the Democratic party,—the party of progress and *reform—to come* forward and take them by the hand, and welcome them into our great family of states. Unlike the people of Texas, the people of Canada are not emigrants from this country, who owe and love to pay its institutions loyalty and homage. They are anti-republicans from England, Ireland and Scotland, who, in emigrating, chose rather to remain under the government they had been taught to reverence, than pitch their tents among the republicans of the states. They are Canadian French, who under the dominion of the priest-hood have remained in ignorance of their political duties to themselves and their fellow-men. And lastly, they are the tories of our revolution, and their descendants, who fled to these provinces when all their efforts to restore the original thirteen to the crown had failed. These, intermixed with a few stray Yankees compose the population of the Canadas, and to say that, such material, without preparation, is fit to compose the inhabitants of a free state of this *republican* confederacy, is to say an absurdity. It is contrary to the genius of our institutions, as well as the *spirit*, if not the letter, of our constitution. The foreigner arriving upon our shores, no matter how intelligent, or how much a republican at heart, is compelled to remain among us *five* years, before he can mingle his voice with ours, and deposit his ballot in that fiat of the people which makes and unmakes great men.—But this annexation of Canada would make millions of foreigners—as much foreigners as the Irish or German emigrant—citizens of the Union, endowed with all the privileges of such, at one swoop, without a moment's preparation. If this would not be unconstitutional in *fact*, it would be in *spirit*—if it would not be unjust to *other foreigners*, who have sought our shores, we know not what injustice is. Again we repeat, we go for the annexation of the Canadas, but not till the *people* of Canada desire it, and are prepared to enter the Union as *republicans*, with a state constitution, and not a royal charter like that which disgraced Rhode Island. We go for the annexation of the Canadas whenever the British Lion no longer rests his foot upon its soil, and the people, free from all entangling alliances, are prepared by acts to pay a just tribute to the superiority of our free institutions, by seeking peace and prosperity under them.

Consistency *is* a jewel, but Gen. Scott and his echo, the *Daily News*, in this move, have entirely repudiated such an ornament. The annexation of Canada forsooth! How long is it since these gentlemen were denouncing in thunder tones the further acquisition of territory! How long is it since they pronounced a lust for more territory a national sin, which must sooner or later bring upon the country the indignant frowns of the whole world. The annexation of Texas, an independant nation for eight years, composed of citizens from our own country—our fathers, brothers, and sisters as it were—praying to be taken under the protecting wing of our eagle, was unconstitutional, unnecessary and unwise. But lo, a change has come over the spirit of their dream. A new light has broke upon their vision, and what was wrong a year ago has become all of a sudden both right and proper. The Canadian parliament passed a bill proposing to indemnify those who sustained losses during the rebellion of '37. The Governor signed it, and forthwith all the *tories* in the provinces are up in arms. Ambassadors are sent to the home government to procure the rejection of the law, but they avail nothing. Then annexation becomes a wondrous proper measure among those on both sides of the river St. Lawrence who, but one short year ago, were the loudest and fiercest in denouncing the acquisition of more territory. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and it is certainly laughable to see the fellow feeling which now exists between the defeated *tories* of the Canadas, and the, but recently, anti-annexation whigs of the Union. Whatever others may think of this measure, and whatever others may advocate, the whigs, who have successively opposed every territorial acquisition since the foundation of the Government, should be the last to think of it, much less take the lead!

Waterford Post Office.—The industry with which Mr. Post Master General Collamar's executioner, Fitz Henry Warren, works the axe of proscription, has left us but little time to notice all his acts. Indeed, we had about concluded to say nothing more on the subject, well knowing that the people were taking notes of the matter, and in their own proper time, would set their seal of condemnation upon the broken pledges of this Administration. But our attention has been called to the appointment of the Post Master at Waterford, and some facts furnished us which we deem necessary that the public should be made aware of. It seems that the citizens of Waterford did not petition for the removal of the late incumbent, much less ask for the appointment of the new, and save a baker's dozen, composed of the family of the successful applicant, it was not known that a change was contemplated. Influences at Harrisburg were brought to bear, and thus the people of Waterford were deprived of the privilege of selecting their own Past Master. Indeed, we are told, that had the whigs of that town been consulted on the subject, the man who now holds the office would be the last one selected. Now is not this pretty business for our State Administration—interfering in the appointments of little petty country post offices away out in Erie county. This is certainly a "Heroic Age," and we have certainly magnanimous National and State Administrations.

Consistency of the "Second Washington."—Not long after President Taylor was inaugurated it was announced in his party papers that he detested duelling, and would not tolerate duellists about him. Very good morality! A few mails ago the officials announced the appointment of McClung, of Miss., as minister to a foreign court. His notoriety as duellist is well known.

Our County Buildings.

We publish below a communication in relation to the present condition of our Court House which discloses facts not at all creditable to the people of Erie County. We have long been aware that our county buildings were the laughing stock of every stranger who visits us, but *we did not know before that they were in such condition* as to make it dangerous to hold court in them. It will not tell well abroad, we think, that the court house in the rich and flourishing county of Erie is so filthy that, in these Cholera times, the business of the county and the people, has to be postponed for fear of contracting disease. It is certainly not a flattering commentary upon our public spirit and enterprise, and will most assuredly give no very exalted character to our citizens abroad. But to the communication—it speaks for itself!

Mr. Editor.—I called upon my attorney a few days ago in regard to suits on the calendar for trial at the August term of our court. He informed me that by common consent the entire civil trial list had been postponed, and that the reason for doing so was the filthy and unhealthy character of the Court House. I could not complain, although very anxious for the trial of my cause, as I had fully experienced the truth of the remark by attending court a few days at August term, 1848. The floor of the court room is brick and rests upon a ground foundation, and is always damp, emitting a most unpleasant smell. The nasty board enclosure on the west side of the building is a nuisance and disgrace to the county to which the building belongs. It ought to receive the attention of the board of health of Erie, if filthiness is a reason for their acting in any case. It is a subject of remark, and entirely just too, that the public buildings of our county are the poorest to be found in western Pennsylvania.—In the adjoining counties of Ohio their public buildings are such as to put to the blush our Erie edifice. I am at a loss to know why something is not done to remedy the evil, a real one in this case. Erie county has a full treasury, is out of debt, and possesses a large tax-paying population. Besides all this, the county commissioners are authorized by the requisite proceedings to undertake the matter. Of what use is it that the money of the tax-payer is hoarded up in the county treasury? It does nobody any good—why not provide a place large enough, healthy enough and decent enough, in which to do the business of the people. All the adjoining counties are amply provided in this particular—where is the necessity then for Erie to lag behind. The county is not so poverty stricken as the public buildings would seem to indicate—far from it.

N******

Two Opinions.—Did any body ever see a Democratic nominee who was at all qualified to fill the post his friends nominate him for, in the opinion of the *Gazette*. From Gen Cass down to candidates for High constable, they are every one, in the opinion of that paper, possessed of very "moderate abilities," and without the "experience in state affairs" "necessary to qualify" them for the post they seek. For instance, listen to its opinion of Mr. Gamble:

"Mr. Gamble, the Democratic nominee for Canal Commissioner, was a member of the Reform Convention to amend the State Constitution. He possesses moderate abilities, but not that practical cast of mind, and that experience in State affairs, which are necessary to qualify him for the important and responsible duties of Canal Commissioner."

Now this is modest, to say the least of it, in a paper that supported Gen Taylor, who himself said, he did'nt know what his opinions were on Banks and Tariffs, because he never had time to examine the questions. Such twattle may do for school-boy politicians, but it is certainly silly, if not disgusting, when put forth by a full-grown Editor. But we did not quote the above to show either the foolishness or the inconsistency of our neighbor in thus systematically attempting to disparage the qualifications of Democratic candidates, for every body can see it, but to show the difference between *his* opinion and that of a whig Editor who has the *soul* to speak well of a candidate when he has no *just* grounds to speak ill of him. The following is from the *Daily Sun*, of Philadelphia, an ultra whig paper.

John A. Gamble, Esq., of Lycoming county, who is the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, is a strong man, well versed in the State Improvements and made an excellent legislator. It will require a strong candidate to beat him.

Misrepresentation.—The stock in trade of whig Editors is misrepresentation. Without it they would be bankrupt. With it they whine from week to week, and from year to year, in one continuous strain against the Democratic party. No measure, no policy, no man, with the name Democrat attached, escapes them. Like the gossip of the neighborhood, it is their meat, drink, and sleep. What wonder then that when Gen. Taylor disregarded the pledges he voluntarily gave before his election, and proscribed men because they were Democrats that the whig press should seize upon the complaints of Democrats at such bare-faced disregard to pledges, to misrepresent them. In the language of the *Harrisbig Union*, the whig press attempt to justify General Taylor's course in regard to the removals, by citing against us the course pursued by the late Democratic administration. Rotation in office has always been a favorite principle of the Democratic party, and we would have expected a change in the officers appointed by the late lamented Polk, had not Gen. Taylor been elected pledged against proscription. The simple issue at present, is, has not Gen. Taylor openly violated those professions in regard to removals and appointments, upon the faith of which he swindled a large number of his fellow citizens out of their votes? He stands convicted of a gross palpable political deception, and before long, this moderate Whig will show himself to be an ultra Whig.

☞ In an article full of lamentation and tears over the proposed Union of the Democracy in New York, Vermont, Connecticut and Wisconsin, the Editor of the *Gazette* breaks forth in the following Jeremiahish kind of a sentence. "Alas! for the orators and Editors who were last year so boisterous in the suppport of Cass.—Alas! for the *Wilmot-proviso-hating* Ex-Collector of this Port, and his coadjutors of the *Observer*." Our neighbors "sufferings is intollerable"—he has certainly been *struck* with something besides a "fascinating spell" this time, and if we were to judge by the way he whines, mortally wounded. A re-union of the Democracy would certainly touch him in a tender spot, but we had no idea that the bare mention of it would cause such lamentations and tears. But it is even so. We profess charity, however, and, look upon the tears of manhood with regret, hence, to set our neighbor's mind at ease so far as we are concerned, we beg leave to inform him that we think we shall be able to take care of ourself, whatever union may be formed. Local divisions, and local questions, have never disturbed our faith in the cardinal principles of the party, and we intend they never shall.

Health of the City.—No case of Cholera since our last, notwithstanding the timid and gossiping in the country will have it that we are dying by scores. It is an apt saying that if you want to hear the news of the town, you must go to the country, and it was never more aptly illustrated than at present. We hear daily from the back townships that Erie is very unhealthy—that Smallpox, Cholera, Typhod-fever, and even Yellow-fever, is making fearful havoc among us. Now certainly this is news to us, who of all others, ought to know something about it. If our country friends will take the trouble to examine the record of deaths in the Erie papers for the last month, they will find that not only in Erie, but throughout the county, death has been very lenient. We have never seen so little sickness in this city as this summer. For the last few days we have heard of a few cases of Cholera Morbus, in an extremely mild form, which readily yielded to medical treatment.

☞ The *Gazette* says the nomination of Mr. Gamble is "by no means satisfactory to the Shunk and Dallas Democracy." Probably the "Shunk and Dallas Democracy" make a confidant of the Editor of the *Gazette*, but we doubt it. We belong to the "Shunk and Dallas Democracy," and we are *satisfied*. Our delegates belong to the "Shunk and Dallas Democracy," and they are *satisfied*, for they voted for Mr. Gamble; and about the 10th of October the *Gazette* will find out how many others of the "Shunk and Dallas Democracy" are satisfied with this nomination.

Communication.

For the Erie Observer.

In a recent number of the Erie *Gazette* I took occasion to call attention to the *proceedings* and address of the Medical Society of the state of Pennsylvania, and to urge upon the medical gentlemen of Erie county the formation of a local society in accordance with the recommendation, not only of the leading physicians of this state, but in obedience to the example of the whole profession throughout the Union. It was naturally to be expected that those who followed the arts of quackery, while professing to be regular physicians, would be hostile to any means by which they could be unmasked and placed before the public in their true position; but it was also to be presumed that such an opposition would have the prudence to find some reasonable cause of objection to the proposed measure, rather than *seek to vent its spleen* and vexation in personal attacks upon the advocates of such a society. I confess that the expectation of finding social, where there was a total want of professional decency and propriety, was unreasonable and has, consequently, met with disappointment. In the last number of the "*Commercial Advertiser*" an individual, who professes to be a physician, but who is among those dreading the influence of a county society, has occupied much of that paper in a tissue of low and scurrilous abuse, which he evidently intends to be applicable to myself. He has found out that I am "arrogant," "querulous," "vindictive," and have hard work to control a bad temper, am a little crazy, *something of a fool, somehow* cheated the collegiate and military boards which passed me; and he carries his hostility so far as to bring in my harmless clothes for a portion of censure. All this may be true, for it is the opinion of an extraordinary person, and as he has no personal acquaintance with me it is to be presumed his knowledge has been reached by the same intuitive & magical means to which he is perhaps indebted for his peculiar professional and general acquirements; and being true, my friends must have an unhappy time with, and the government a hard bargain *in me; but as these defects of character* have nothing to do with the merits of a medical society, and can be of no interest to the public, and as those whom they do interest will not be likely to estimate this individual's opinions by his own measure of their importance, I cheerfully leave to him the whole field of this kind of argument. If it affords him a pleasure correspondent to his capacity I am willing he should enjoy it, and if he can fancy himself either witty or funny he is fortunate to be able, in such a world of care as ours, to derive pleasure from an illusion peculiar to himself. He will, however, excuse me from inflicting upon the public a double dose of the indecency with which he appears already to have disgusted it.

Although neither the public, nor myself, have any concern in the personal appearance, temper, disposition or clothes of this person, we have something to do with him as a medical philosopher. If the argument between us was a mere contest for personal superiority, I should at once abandon the matter as unworthy of public attention, and only showing the petty vanity and self-importance of those engaged in it. But this person has invited my notice of him as a physician and of the relations he has assumed to a medical society. These do much concern our fellow citizens, and every thing unpleasant which this person who has thrust himself upon my notice compels *me to say, I say with reluctance. It is known* I have no local interest of my own to advance, but wherever my profession is exercised, I, in common with my brethren, have duties to it to perform, and in the present instance I am but doing that duty, and rendering to the public that service which every citizen owes to the community into which he may be, for the time, thrown.

I have no hope or intention of reforming or instructing one who "acknowledges no superior." Although I have met many of the distinguished individuals of our profession, I now for the first time see one above the necessity of instruction, and I hope no one will judge him below the capacity for acquiring it. It is to be feared, however, that *the miller who puts only his own grain into the hopper*, and takes none from his neighbors will soon have nothing to grind.

I would prefer to deal with humbuggery as a system, rather than the humbuggery of an individual, but if this person insists upon hanging himself out as the sign, type and model of the system—the impersonation and embodiment of empericism and quackery—I would be disregarding his wishes and failing in my duty if I treated with neglect the notoriety he seeks, even though his object is to induce me to advertise him. Before going farther it may be well enough to remark that besides my clothes and temper, this person has rambled over a great many other things which have no relation to the subject in hand. Among them, he alludes to a certain poem called "A Cruise," which is one among the great many things of which I have never before heard, and yet it is so introduced as to lead to the false inference that I am responsible for the sins of that poem. To expose a low trick like this is perhaps a sufficient reply to the whole affair. Abolitionism also gets a little cunning tickle, for no other reason that I can see in this connection than as an appeal to popularity and a bribe to sympathies of which he feels himself otherwise unworthy.

But now for the medical society and this commentator upon it. It may be presumptuous to charge upon the *inventor of a new system*, a want *of common* comprehension, but charity teaches us not to find the worst motive for a man's conduct, if better can be pressumed, and therefore I think it better to attribute to weak intellect, what must otherwise be a designed and wilful perversion. I would rather believe him weak than wicked.

Those who did me the honor to read my article in the Gazette will recollect that all legal protection for the profession of medicine is disclaimed—the right of quackery is accorded to all. It is only claimed for a medical society that, *besides acting systematically for the public good*, in matters of public health, and in organizing and harmonizing the profession, its chief use is to separate those who acknowledge the laws, the aggregate wisdom of the profession, from those who presumptuously make themselves a law to themselves, and here I ask leave to weigh the question of arrogance between this individual and myself. Whether he who only aspires to walk respectfully in the path marked out by the collected wisdom of his profession, or he who, disregarding all such guidance, sets up for himself upon a small or fictitious capital of mental power, is most arrogant? But to return to our proof. Notwithstanding so plain a statement of the scope and power of *a county medical society*, we are amused by a burst of indignation about the "offices and functions of freemen," "church, state, and medical slavery," "dictation, &c," all of which have as much relationship to the subject, as that "poem," Abolitionism, and my old uniform coat.

But medical societies do separate the regular practitioner from the quack affecting the character of a regular practitioner, and here lies the rub; here is just the predicament in which this medical philosopher is caught—parading himself as an orthodox practitioner, he is detected, in the tricks and arts

voice of his whole profession, speaking through a code which that profession has adopted, and of which the distinguished Benjamin Rush was in part the author. It is to be presumed that one of the signers of the declaration of Independence knew as much about the "offices and functions of freemen," and the "tyranny of medical dictation," as does this modern medical philosopher. It may be not, though. So far as this individual is concerned it matters not whether Erie county has or has not a medical society. His position is now defined and the field of quackery affords him scope and verge enough.—No one wishes to infringe upon any of his rights there, but he can no longer pass himself off as an orthodox practitioner. He has chosen his path, and there is no one to object to his following it. I sincerely hope he may carry more dignity and decency into the domain of quackery than he has taken from that of medicine. He thinks it hard to define quackery; so far as he is concerned there seems to have been no difficulty; and yet he compains that he is not treated with professional courtesy and fraternity. This would be compounding the professional felony, and becoming a party to the deception of the community. He has imposed upon me another duty than this

With this person I have no acquaintance. I have no feeling for or against him, and would be glad to see him getting an honest living in any pursuit for which he is fitted. He has forced me to notice him, and I have confined my remarks to him professionally, and to the manner in which he has brought himself before the public.—The profession of which I am an humble member has high and holy duties. It alleviates human suffering, contributes to happiness, and has, in its progress, lengthened the average of human life. Every member of this profession is under obligations to do what he can to keep it free from degeneration. Further than this obligation requires I have no disposition to go for the annoyance of any one. This person says that the physician is to be known by its fruit. His genius may be as great as it certainly is original, and he may be able to do with success what ordinary men would shrink from attempting. In the hands of common physicians, I fear that some of his peculiar modes of practice would ensure its subjects the sleep that knows no waking, and it must be an accommodating conscience which, after such experiments and such a result, allows the physician to live and sleep in quiet, to wake and prate about orthodoxy, peculiar views, and the independence of all professional law.

I have endeavored to say nothing which could be avoided, but fear this article is already longer than the subject merits.

WM. M. WOOD.

Mr. Gamble's Nomination.—The nomination of Mr. Gamble is hailed with enthusiasm by the entire Democratic press of the state, so far as our knowledge extends. We have not yet seen a word of complaint. Even the Harrisburgh *Keystone*, Edited by Jesse Miller, who was known to be bitterly hostile to his nomination, now that the deed is done, unfurls the banner with an alacity worthy of itself. This is ominous of success—it shows that the Democracy of the Keystone will show to the enemy an unbroken front, and obtain an overwhelming victory in October. We notice that the resolutions of the state Convention, also, meet with that universal approbation from the party to which they are so eminently entitled And this approbation is not alone confined to this state—the Democratic papers of Ohio are republishing them as a model for the Democracy of that young giant of the west. Hand in hand the Democracy of Pennsylvania and Ohio are struggling for constitutional and political reforms, and hand in hand they will march to victory at the coming election.

☞ In the opinion of the *Gazette*, the resolutions of our State Convention "mean something or mean nothing, just as motives of 'policy' may seem to dictate," and are "characteristically vague and indefinite." If this is correct, they are then *one* ahead of those adopted at the Chinese Museum, when Gen. Taylor was nominated.

Gone.—Mr Kamphausen, the young gentleman who proposed publishing a German paper in this city lately, left last week for Europe with the intention of joining the Hungarian patriots now fighting for liberty. May success attend him,

☞ Our quiet old friend of the *Chronicle* says he was "not aware of the near approach of dog-days until" he obtained a copy of our last paper. We think it very probable—he would'nt know when it was time to get up or go to bed, if some body did'nt tell him.

☞ Eleven young ladies, in company with Governor Slade, have gone to Minnesota, for the purpose of establishing schools in that territory. They are sent out by the Board of National Popular Education.

The Sulphur Remedy Beat.—A queer Cholera Specific, that is raw or unbleached cotton, made into fine lint, so as to be drunk with water or other liquid, is recommended by an Irish physician, in the New York *Tribune*. Why not take gun cotton at once, and explode the disease?

☞ The *Albany Atlas*, in speaking of the removal from office of Mr. Hawthorn, at Salem, Mass., says: "The man who would knowingly commit such an act would broil a humming bird, and break a harp to pieces to make the fire."

☞ A new whig paper is about to be started at Albany, to war against the Seward faction of the same party. It is to be edited by Mr. Mann, of the Rochester American, and has for its motto: "Death to the Jesuitical Junto."

Progress of the Cholera.—On the 18th, there were 76 cases and 32 deaths by Cholera in Philadelphia. In Brooklyn 20 cases, and 13 deaths. In Baltimore 6 new cases, and 8 deaths. In New York 106 cases and 40 deaths. In Albany 13 cases and 1 death.

On the 17th in St Louis there were 61 deaths. The deaths for the week were 716. In Cincinnati the deaths were 69 from Cholera, and 41 from other diseases. For the week ending 17th, 1050—of which 660 were of cholera. The disease is now on the decrease.

In Buffalo, on the 18th, there were 39 cases, and 13 deaths.

A CARD.

☞ THE Greatest discovery of the age is Dr. A. TRASK'S MAGNETIC OINTMENT, (see accompanying Circular and Advertisement) sold in Erie by Carter & Brother, Wholesale and Retail, and by one agent in the principal villages in the State.
4t10 E. K. CRANDALL Trav. Agent.

☞ THE number and formidable character of diseases originating in a diseased state of the liver, has long challenged the attention of medical men. Some of these diseases, classed under the general term of consumption have been supposed incurable, and the unhappy patient was allowed to die, without medical science being enabled to offer him a hope of recovery. Happily this can no longer be the case. A remedy has been found which will cure all these complaints, of whatever character, arising from derangement of the liver. The Pills discovered by Dr. M'Lane, of Virginia, act directly on the liver, and by correcting its operation and purifying it from disease, cuts off and extirpates the complaints which have their origin in the diseases of this organ. Remedies hitherto proposed for these diseases have failed to operate upon the seat of the disease; but Doctor M'Lane's Pills make themselves felt upon the action of the liver, and by cleansing the fountain dry up the impure streams of disease which thence derive their existence.

For sale by Carter & Brother, and J. H. Burton, Erie, Pa.

☞ WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT.
Bebee's Grove, Will Co., Oct. 24, 1849.

Mr. Sloan—Sir: I have tested the virtue of your Ointment in the cure of rattle-snake bites, sore throat, burns, and many other injuries, and in every case it has surpassed our expectations. As a Family Ointment I have never seen its equal, and for beasts we can't get along without it. Yours, &c.,
MILES M. JOHNSON.

☞ All the Medicines advertised by W. B. Sloan are sold on agency by Carter & Brother, No. 6, Reed House.

☞ WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—Great Remedy.—A very important disease over which this Balsam exerts a very powerful influence, is that of a Diseased Liver. In this complaint it has undoubtedly proved more efficacious than any remedy hitherto employed, and in numerous instances when patients had endured long and severe suffering from the disease, without receiving the least benefit from various remedies, and when Mercury has been resorted to in vain, the use of this Balsam has restored the liver to a healthy action, and, in many instances, effected permanent cures, after every known remedy had failed to produce the desired effect.

☞ See advertisement. 4t10

DIED.

On the 16th inst. in *Union township*, Mrs Margaret Smiley, relic of the late James Smiley, Esq, aged 67 years.

Pennsylvanian please copy.

On Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock, Mr. Edward Morton, aged 65 years.

In this borough on the 10th inst., William, son of James Hughes, aged 1 year and 27 days.

On the 16th inst., after a protracted illness, Mr. John Brown of Greene tp., aged about 45 years.

GOLD and Silver leaf and Gold Silver and Composition Bronzes, by CARTER & BROTHER.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC
RASCALITY AND DECEPTION.

LET EVERY ONE READ THIS CAREFULLY.

THERE is a Sarsaparilla for sale called old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla. It is advertised as the original, &c. This is a notorious falsehood. Dr. Townsend has expended over $200,000 the last eight years in advertising his Sarsaparilla, which has obtained a character and reputation throughout the United States and a greater part of the world—the sale being enormous.

This excited the cupidity of certain unprincipled men, and an old man who was engaged in peddling cheap publications about the streets of New York, for a number of years. This man's name is Jacob Townsend. He applied to a number of men to get employment, or to sell the use of his name, to put up Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, stating the large sales and sums we had expended in advertising, as an inducement to embark into the business. Among others, he applied to Charles Watrous, Esq. Editor of the Jamaica Farmer, who scorned such a proposition. Mr. H. G. ANDREWS, formerly one of the proprietors of McAllister's Ointment, RALPH FOMEROY, *formerly* Cashier and Financier of the broken Shin-Plaster Bank at Bellville, New Jersey, JOHN SKILLMAN, and WILLIAM THOMPSON, under the name of THOMPSON, SKILLMAN & Co., have employed this old man, and agreed, we understand, to pay him seven dollars a week for the use of his name. These men have been insulting and libeling us in all possible *forms*, in hopes we would notice them, and bring them and their deception into market. Let the public decide upon the course of these *honest and honorable men*.

ONE OF THEIR TRICKS.

They say that Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla sours and ferments—this is false; as we have kept it through the whole year in New Orleans, Texas, Mexico, South America and the West Indies—in fact the older it grows the better it becomes. We made a few bottles by mistake, last Spring, that spoiled. This we regretted, and exchanged as soon as possible; such an accident will never occur again. This they *attempt to make a great story of, and say that* the whole of our Sarsaparilla sours, &c., when they are aware that they are publishing falsehoods.

ANOTHER TRICK.

We went to an expense of five hundred dollars to get up a splendid steel engraving for our label, and had the portrait of Dr. Townsend on it to distinguish it from all others, and prevent mistakes. These men are now getting up a label on steel, with a portrait of old Jacob Townsend—let the public decide upon such transactions, and let them remember that *none is genuine and the original*, unless signed with the name of S. P. Townsend. The plate is engraved on steel and contains the portrait of Dr. Townsend, three female figures, and a view of our factory. The spurious has no factory or female figures.

Dr. Townsend no Physician.

These men also publish that Dr. Townsend is no physician: this like all other statements, are false. Dr. Townsend attended two of the best Medical Schools in the country, has studied the different theories of medicine and practiced for the last fifteen years; has experimented several years, and expended large sums in bringing his medicine to perfection.

This old Jacob Townsend,

They are endeavoring to palm off on the public as an old physician, &c. He is no physician, and never attempted to manufacture a medicine until these men hired him for the use of his name. They say they do not wish the people to believe that their Sarsaparilla is ours, or the same—but the better to deceive the public, they at the same time assert that theirs is the old Dr. Townsend's, and the original; and endeavor to make the people believe that the stuff they manufacture is the Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla that has performed so many wonderful cures for the past ten years, and which has gained a reputation which no other medicine ever enjoyed—which is a base, villainous, unprincipled falsehood. We have commenced suits against these men for damages. We wish it to be understood, that the old man is no connection of Dr. Townsend's whatever. In their advertisements they publish a number of gross falsehoods respecting Dr. Townsend, which we will not notice.

FALSE REPORTS.

Our opponents have published in the papers, that Dr. S. P. Townsend was dead—this they send to their agents about the country, who report that we have given up business, &c., &c. The public *should* be on their guard, and not be deceived by these unprincipled men.

OUR COURSE.

Being satisfied by the experiments and the results of the medicine in eradicating disease, we resolved to place it before the world. At that time all of the Sarsaparilla in the market was put up in small vials of four and five ounces, and sold for one dollar per bottle. We could afford to sell a quart bottle of the purest and best article for the same. We resolved to do so and was laughed at and our Sarsaparilla called molasses and water by the other manufacturers, who sold a good article could not be afforded for the price. A few years, and they learned the difference of things. Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla almost entirely superceded the others, being infinitely better, and five times the quantity for the same price. Of late these men have made a great discovery, which is, that they have been selling a smaller vial of medicine for one dollar, which they could afford for twenty or twenty-five cents. For these same men went up to their Sarsaparillas in quart bottles, very much resembling ours, for the same price as they formerly sold the small ones, and ask the people to purchase. The people are not so green however. They have copied our labels, circulars, and shape of the bottles as near as they dare. Their course and ours we leave for a discerning public to act upon.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

Dr. Townsend having ten years since discovered a new formula of compounding the Sarsaparilla with other ingredients, and succeeded in producing a fluid that resembled in its action upon the digestive organs, the saliva, or gastric juice of the human body.—This fluid, when taken into the system, created new, rich, and pure blood—which would sustain, prolong, and create new life—for the blood is the life—resolved, after three years of experiments, to bring it before the public. Sanguine that it required only to be known to be appreciated, being thoroughly convinced that to cleanse, purify and strengthen the circulation, was the great secret of restoring health and vigor. The conviction led to the discovery of Dr. Townsend's Compound of the Sarsaparilla. Satisfied that by diminishing the quantity of blood in the system, the life also was diminished, and that the true theory was to produce a healthy circulation. The theory having proved true, it is adopted wholly or in part, at present, by a large number of medical gentlemen, and I the results more effectual than we anticipated—hence the wonderful success of this medicine.

THE ROOT WE USE.

We use the best Honduras Sarsaparilla. The last year we purchased more than ten times the amount of Sarsaparilla of all other Sarsaparilla manufacturers in America. Mr. Blonca, Esq., a merchant in the Honduras trade, and others, export it fresh and direct from Honduras for us. Messrs. Burr, Waterman & Co., No. 109, South street, have incurred expensive and extensive machinery to rasp by steam the heart of the Cassia, or Ignamvitæ wood. They furnish us over 1,500 barrels the last season. Our Yellow Dock, which we use a great quantity of, is cultivated in fields by the Shakers at New Lebanon and Ishcuna, and consequently the very best—far better than is generally used. We employ over one hundred men and boys constantly, Sundays excepted, in the proper seasons. Indeed all our arrangements are the most perfect and complete of any other similar establishment in the world, and our medicine is unequalled,

IMPROVEMENTS.

We have at our manufactory all machinery that is required to make the very best medicine from the Sarsaparilla that was ever produced. We have powerful steam engines to grind out and extract the root. We also have extensive vats for settling and filting, &c., such as were never before used in the preparation of any medicine. No other manufacturer of Sarsaparilla has steam power to manufacture by.

☞ The above Sarsaparilla is sold by CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House, Erie, who are the only authorized agents for Erie county. 3m10

CLOVES, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Mace, Pimento, Pepper, Ginger Mustard. CARTER & BROTHER.

ARROW ROOT, Sago, Pearl Barley, Oat Meal, Tapioca Vermicilla, by CARTER & BROTHER.

100 POUNDS Gum Camphor,
100 do Tartaric Acid,
150 do Bicarb Soda,
200 do Cream Tartar,
75 do Oil Origanum,
50 lb Gum Opium and Arabic, by
July 21, 1849. CARTER & BROTHER.

700 POUNDS of Madder, first quality, by CARTER & BROTHER.

The "Nimble Sixpence" Store.

WHICH is better than the slow shilling, as I have said before. Therefore I offer the following articles very low for Cash, and a great many others which cannot be enumerated in an advertisement viz:

Crockery of all kinds, cap and letter paper, from $2 23 up to $4 50 per ream according to quality; combs for Ladies and gentlemen, Clark's spool Cotton, Coffee, four different kinds; herring by the bot, mackerel, "Pail River" nails, 4d to 12d, at 5 cents per pound, coal shovels, manure forks, grain scoops, bridles of all kinds, tooth brushes, 5c. each; hair brushes, slates and slate pencils, knives and forks for $1 per set, hair pins, globe lanterns, for 5, 6 and 7 shillings each; a good assortment of Wooden Ware, such as wooden bowls and tubs, lemon squeezers, beef steak pounders, rolling pins, mudlers, soap dishes, &c., &c., and a hundred other "notions." Call and see for yourselves and if they do not suit, don't buy. All these can be found at R. A. BAKER'S,
Erie, July 21, 1849. Cheapside.

CIGARS.

10,000 "Justo Lang" Cigars, for $12 per thousand.
5,000 La Norma do 7 " "
10,000 Havanna do 14 " "
5,000 La Belsoley Principe 20 " "
5,000 Havana La prima, 30 " "
For sale at
July 21, 1849. R. A. BACER'S, Cheapside.

4 BBLS. Vinegar, received on commission which will be sold at $4 per barrel to close the consignment.
July 21, 1849. R. A. BAKER, Dheapside.

CIRCULAR.

THE BUFFALO REPUBLIC.

The undersigned, citizens of Buffalo and the county of Erie, invite the attention of business men and others, who may wish a good political, commercial, and family newspaper to the Buffalo Republic, a daily, tri-weekly, and weekly journal published in the city of Buffalo.

Buffalo is so peculiarly the center of commercial transactions that its Press must, from its position, take a high stand. The present proprietor of the Republic, E. A. Havens, has established it, upon a permanent basis, and the undersigned believe that his through knowledge of newspaper publication, ample means, and enterprise, warrant the conclusion that it will be equal to our importance as a commercial city.

The Republic advocates radical democratic measures, and has acquired a high reputation throughout the state; but the paramount design as we understand it, is to make it attractive to the general reader, by the publication of the latest intelligence, foreign, local and commercial news. The arrangements for obtaining the earliest market items and general commercial news, will be extensive, and equal to that of any other journal. We, therefore, cheerfully commend the Buffalo Republic to the favor and patronage of the public at large.

Dent Richmond,	Edwin Thomas,	Geo. C. White,
A. W. Johnson,	Henry Daw,	James C. Evans,
D. N. Barny,	Isaac Sherman,	S. W. Settle.
John T. Noye,	Lucious F. Tiffany,	G. C. Vaughn,
John Hollister,	Azeel Hooker,	Walter Joy,
Hayes & Johnson,	Elias Weed,	A. D. Patchen,
Philo Hunter & Co.	E. Ruders,	I. T. Hatch,
Wm. O. Brown,	H. M. Kinne,	H. P. Thayer.
F. P. Stevens,	Benj. H. Austin,	S. Dudley,
Oliver. Patch,	C. C. Bristol,	Jas. Wadsworth.
P. Dorsheimer,	John Ganson,	John T Hudson,
O. G. Steele,	Dexter Ewell,	D. Tillinghast,
P. M. Vosburgh,	R. U. Wheelock	L. B. Smith.
John Brooks,	H. B. Ransom	

TERMS—Daily by Mail $5 00 per annum.
Tri-Weekly. 3 00 " "
Weekly. 1 50 " "
The Weekly will be sent to companies on the following terms:
4 copies for $5 00
8 " " 10 00
10 " " 12 00
Always payable in advance.

Counting Room No. 14 Seneca street. Entrance also on Washington street, first door north of Postoffice.

The proprietor of the Republic has on hand Printing Paper, Ink, Cards, and a general assortment of Paper and Printers' Stationary to be sold wholesale or retail at manufacturer's prices.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES
FOR CASH AND PRODUCE
AT POWERS' NEW YORK STORE,
NO. 6, BONNELL BLOCK,
State St, Erie, Pa., (one door above Lester, Sennett & Chester's.)

THE subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Erie, and the adjacent country, to the fact that he is offering at wholesale or retail, a new, desirable, and general assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, &c. &c., AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

My arrangements in *New York* are such as to enable me to keep my assortment full, particularly STAPLE DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES. *Remember*, I shall sell *Goods Cheap*, for the proof of which please *CALL AND EXAMINE*. All goods warranted as represented, or the money will be refunded.

☞ *CASH PAID FOR GOOD DAIRY BUTTER* at all times and for most other kinds of *Produce*.

S. B. POWERS.
Erie, July 13, 1849. 9

CAUTION EXTRA.

A man by the name of *CLAPP* has engaged with a young man of the name of S. P. Townsend, and uses his name to put up a Sarsaparilla, which they call Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, denominating it *GENUINE*, Original, ect. This Townsend is no doctor, and never was but was formerly a worker on railroads, canals, and the like. Yet he assumes the title of Dr., for the purpose of gaining credit for what he is not. This is to caution the public not to be deceived, and purchase none but the *GENUINE ORIGINAL OLD* Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla, having on it the Old Dr's. likeness, his family coat of arms, and his signature across the coat of arms.

Principal Office, 102 *Nassau st., New York City.*

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND,

THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE
Genuine Townsend Sarsaparilla.

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the *AUTHER* and *DISCOVERER* of the *GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA."* Being poor, he was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth, and known his value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful

HEALING POWER.

Knowing, *many years ago*, that he had, by his skill, science and experience, devised an article which would be of inestimable advantage to mankind when the means would be furnished to bring it into universal notice, when its unestimable virtues would be known and appreciated. This time has come, the means are supplied; this

GRAND AND UNEQUALLED PREPARATION

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breath of the land, especially as it is found incapable of degeneration or deterioration.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better: because it is prepared *on scientific principles by a scientific man*. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the day, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the Old Dr's. Sarsaparilla. The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medical properties, and some properties which are inert or useless, and others, which if retained in preparing it for use, produce *fermentation* and *acid*, which is injurious to the system.—Some of the properties are so *volatile*, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a *scientific process*, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these *volatile principles*, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very *essential medical properties* of the root, which give to it all its value.

Any person can boil or stew the root till they get a dark colored liquid, which is more from the coloring matter in the root than from anything else, they can then strain this insipid or vapid liquid, sweeten with sour molasses, and then call it "SARSAPARILLA EXTRACT or SYRUP." But such is not the article known as the

GENUINE OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is so prepared, that all the *essential* properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, everything capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medical virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations of every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of

CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, and *LIVER COMPLAINT*, and in *RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, PILES, COSTIVENESS, ULCERATIONS, PIMPLES, BOILS, BLOTCHES*, and all affections arising from

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

It possesses a marvelous efficacy in all complaints arising from *Indigestion*, from *Acidity of the Stomach*, from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, pulsation of the heart, cold feet and hands, cold chills and hot flashes over the body. It has not its equal in *Colds* and *Coughs*; and promotes easy expectoration and gentle perspiration, relaxing stricture of the lungs, throat, and every other part.

But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

It works wonders in cases of *Flour Albus* or *Whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed*, or *Painful Menses, Irregularity* of the menstrual periods, and the like, and is as effectual in curing all the forms of *Kidney Diseases*.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, thus cures all forms of

Nervous diseases and debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other main *diseases*, as *Spinal irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, Swooning, Epilepsy, Fits, Consumptions*, &c.

It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflamation, purifies the skin, equalises the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all tightness and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. In not this then

The medicine you pre-eminently need!

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article! Thus young man's liquid is not to be

COMPARED WITH THE OLD DR'S,

because of one GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETERIORATION, and

NEVER SPOILS,

while the other DOES; *souring, fermenting*, and *blowing the bottles* containing it into fragments, the sour, incid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system!—*What! put acid into a system already diseased with acid!* What causes Dyspepsia but acid? *Do we not all know that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischiefs it produces?* Shall it produce heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood? What is Scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What produces all the humors which bring on Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Fever Sores, and all ulcerations internal and external? It is nothing under heaven, but an acid substance, which sours, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What causes Rheumatism but a sour or acid fluid which insinuates itself between the joints and elsewhere, irritating and inflaming the delicate tissues upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, or deranged circulations, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now is it not horrible to make and sell, and *infinitely worse* to use this

SOURING, FERMENTING, ACID, "COMPOUND" OF S. P. TOWNSEND,

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's *Genuine Original Sarsaparilla*, is an IMITATION of his interior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's *article!* and which should bring down upon the Old Dr such a mountain load of complaints and criminations from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's FERMENTING COMPOUND.

We wish it understood, because it is the *absolute truth*, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are *heaven-wide apart, and entirely dissimilar*; that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmaceutist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what *guarantee* can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are in capable of changes which might render them the AGENTS of Disease instead of health,

But what else should be expected from one who knows nothing comparatively of medicine or disease! It requires a person of some experience to cook and serve up even a common decent meal. How much *more* important is it that the persons who manufacture medicine, designed for

Weak Stomachs and Enfeebled Systems,

should know well the medical properties of plants, the best manner of securing and concentrating their healing virtues, also an extensive knowledge of the various diseases which affect the human system, and how to adapt remedies to these diseases!

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health to the sick and vigor into the enfeebled, and to banish infirmity that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has SOUGHT and FOUND the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy

within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal.

For sale by J. H. Burton, No. 5, Reed House, Erie, Pa.
Erie, July 14, 1849. 9

FARMERS' HOTEL.

Corner of French and Fifth Streets, Erie, Pa.

The undersigned takes this method of announcing to his friends and the public that he has opened the above named establishment for the reception of company. The house has recently been REPAIRED REFITTED AND CLEANED, so that it is now in good condition and worthy the patronage of the public. The sleeping *rooms, as well as* every other part of the House, have been entirely refurnished with NEAT AND SUBSTANTIAL FURNITURE. No pains will be spared to render the House what it should be, and the stay of guests pleasant and agreeable. The table will always be furnished with the BEST the MARKET AFFORDS.—The location of this House is Central, and will be found convenient either for business or pleasure.

CHARGES MADE UNIFORM AND REASONABLE.

The Stables are large and convenient, and are under the charge of an attentive and competent man.

Passengers Carried to and from the Steam and Packet Boats free of Charge.

☞ The subscriber pledges himself that no efforts will be spared on his part to promote the comfort of all who may favor him with their patronage.

Erie, June 30, 1849. H. G. SESSIONS.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the next Legislature of Pennsylvania, for the incorporation of a Bank, to be called "The Canal Bank of Erie," with a capital of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, with the privilege of increasing it to Three Hundred Thousand Dollars, with all the usual Banking privileges, to be located in the Borough and County of Erie, State of Pennsylvania.

Erie, June 26, 1849.

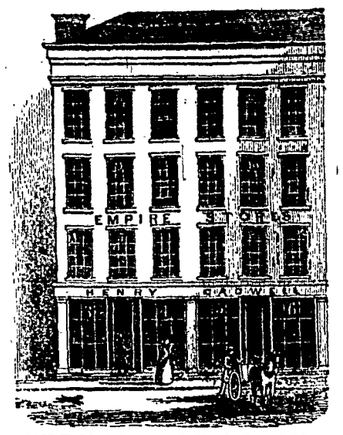
James C. Marshall,	Joseph M. Sterrett,	H. Cadwell,
John A. Tracy,	C. M. Tibbals,	William Kelley,
Benj. Tomlinson,	J. H. Williams,	Smith Jackson,
Wm. S. Lane,	Thomas H. Sill,	J. H. Fullerton,
James Williams,	G. Sanford,	George Selden,
Chas. B. Wright,	J. D. Clark,	George Kellogg,
Thos. G. Colt,	H. L. Brown,	Alfred King,
P. Metcalf,	J. Kellogg,	Samuel Hays,
J. Hearn,	John C Beebe,	Wm. M. Gallagher,
Carson Graham,	W. H. Knowlton.	

PAPER HANGINGS.

RECEIVED this morning a new supply of Paper Hangings, Bordering and Window Paper—some very desirable patterns.
Erie, June 23, 1849. GEO. SELDON & SON.

HAMS.

A LARGE lot of Columbus City, Ohio, Sugar cured Hams just Received and for sale by D. S. Clark.
Erie, June 30, 1849. State Street.



HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

JUST in time to redeem our pledge of importing the largest and and cheapest stock of Goods ever landed at Erie harbor.

Room No. 1, we are now receiving a large stock of Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, Chains, Crow Bars, Horse Shoes, Waggon Boxes, etc. which we are selling at a discount of 10 per cent. below spring prices.

IRON, all around, for Waggons, at four cents per lb, Log Chains at 8 cents per lb., Trace Chains at 50 cents per pair, English Anvils 10 cents per lb. and every thing in the Hardware line in proportion, which is far below Buffalo prices.

No. 2, a large arrival, making our stock of GROCERIES complete, at low prices.

No. 3 and 4, the largest and richest assortment of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, now receiving that were ever before opened for the western trade, at prices, that we defy competition with Buffalo or any other market.

Room 5, Receiving, or our own Importation, the largest stock of Hardware, Chains, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Scythes, Forks Hoes, shovels, and every kind of Hardware that was ever imported for the western trade, which will be sold at New York prices. This is a chance that retailers will often need.

At No. 7, we are beginning to receive our large Importation of CHINA, CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, and LOOKING-GLASSES which we are selling at Buffalo prices.

And at No. 8, will be found over three thousand yards of Carpeting, Rugs, etc., direct from the Looms which we are selling as low as can be bought west of New York, from 25 cents to $2 00 per yard.

Any one that is bound for Buffalo, just drop in and we will convince him, (as we have hundreds of others within the last six weeks,) that the Empire Stores at Erie, can show a better stock of Goods, and in price can compete with any market in America; and any goods that are now arriving, are at a great discount from Spring Prices.

H. CADWELL.
Erie, May 2, 3

EMPIRE EXPRESS ARRIVAL.

JUST received by express a good assortment of Gimps, Fringes, Linen Ginghams, latest style of Crape Shawls, White and colored Bonnet Ribbons, plain Satin Ribbons, walking Shoes, patent leather Ties new style, Gauze Flannel, Lisle Gloves, Silk Gloves, colored cotton Hose, new style of Prints &c. &c.,
Erie, July 7th, 1849. H. CADWELL.

Office of the Spring Garden Mutual Insurance Company,
Philadelphia, January 1st, 1849.

WITH the view of confining the business to the officers in this city, the Agencies at New York, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Pottsville, Erie and Reading, were discontinued on the first day of March last.

The above comprise all the Agencies the Company had at that time. L. KRUMBHAAR,
Erie, June 7, 1849. Secretary.

Oranges and Lemons!

A FEW Boxes of Fresh Oranges and Lemons just received and for sale at No. 7, Poor People's Row, by T. W. MOORE.
Erie, July 7, 1849.

Raisins and Figs.

A GOOD article can be found at T. W. MOORE'S.
Erie, July 7, 1849.

Straw Hats.

STRAW HATS for *one shilling* and other things proportionately cheap, at T. W. MOORE'S.
Erie, July 7, 1849.

Dried Apples.

A LARGE lot of nice Dried Apples just received, at T. W. MOORE'S.
Erie, July 7, 1849.

CLEAR THE TRACK
FOR THE
Great Western Locomotive!!

TAKE NOTICE, ALL THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED:

CALL at SIEGEL'S Corner and convince yourselves that he is NOW receiving the largest, cheapest and best lot of GROCERIES ever brought to Erie. Among his assortment may be found the following.

SUGARS.—Six tons of Port Rico Coffee Sugar, Crushed, Loaf and Pulverized.

COFFEE.—Ten bags Old Government Java, ten bags of Laguera and ten bags of Rio.

MOLASSES.—Two thousand gallons New Orleans Porto Rico and Sugar House.

TEAS.—Fifteen chests Young Hyson, Imperial, Black and Gunpowder. Imperial tea in six pound cadies for family use.

FISH.—Five thousand pound Cod Fish, Mackerel, Shad, Holland Herring, Smoked Herring and Sardines.

Twenty barrels Turpentine, thirty do. of Linseed, Lamp and Tanners oil.

150 kegs Brooklyn, Buffalo and Pittsburgh White Lead.

The largest kind of an assortment of Paints and Dyestuffs.

100 kegs of Eastern and Pittsburgh Nails.

LIQUORS.—French Brandy, Holland Gin, Rum, Port Wine, Madeira, Malaga, Teneriffe and West Wine.

TOBACCO.—100 dozen Schloft's fine New York Smoking, sixteen boxes Cavendish, 100 dozen fine cut Rappee and Maccaboy Snuff.

Ten kegs and 100 flasks Kentucky Rifle Powder, fifty bags of Shot, Bar Lead and Percussion Caps.

Thirty boxes Candy, 25 drums of Malaga Figs, 30 jars prunes and a great variety of articles in my line that would take more time than I have to enumerate them.

To my old customers and the public generally, I would say, call at SIEGEL'S Corner, directly opposite the Farmer's Hotel and see for yourselves, that I am bound to sell wholesale or retail, cheaper than any other establishment West of Buffalo.
Erie July 7, 1849. C. SIEGEL.

BRASS CLOCKS.

EIGHT DAY and 30 Hour Clocks, various styles of cases, at greatly reduced prices.
Also, Marine, Circular and other Time Pieces for sale low by G. LOOMIS & Co.
Erie July, 7. State Street.

SILVER WORK.—Silver Spoons, Ladles, Tongs, Scoops, Butter Knives, &c., constantly on hand and *Manufactured by the subscribers, not in the Nutmeg State, but in Erie*, and warranted the standard of dollars. Comparison of style in this branch particularly invited.

Also, Threaded Spoons and Forks from New York Manufactory, all of good silver. G. LOOMIS & Co.
Erie July 7.

SPLENDID JEWELRY.—Embracing Pins, Rings, Bracelets, Lockets, Chains, Pencils, &c., new and beautiful patterns.

Pins and Rings of Diamond, Turquois, Pearl, Ruby and other settings.

N. B.—Jewelry made or repaired to order on *short* notice. Call in neighbor and learn how a first rate job is done at.
Erie July 7, 1849 G. LOOMIS & Co.

MUSIC.—A good assortment of Guitars, Accordeons, Flutinas, Viol, Flutes, Flageolets, Clarionets and fifes, together with the best Guitar and Violin strings in town. Also, violin Bows, Bridges, Pegs, &c., for sale cheap by G. LOOMIS & Co.
Erie June, 7 1849.

LOOKING GLASSES.—A large assortment of Gilt and Mahogany Frames, together with Plates of different sizes, for resetting old frames. G. LOOMIS & Co.
Erie June, 7 1849.

LAMPS.—New style Solar and other kinds of Lamps, and any quantity of Wicking, Chimnies and Globes, at.
Erie June, 7, 1849. G. LOOMIS & Co's.

LINSEED & LARD OIL.

SIX Barrels Linseed & Lard Oil. Just received & for Sale very low, by the barrel or gallon by, J. H BURTON.
Erie July 7, 1849 8

NEATS FOOT OIL.

FOR Harness, Carriage, Tops, &c., Much superior to Tanners Oil. Kept constantly on hand by. J. H BURTON.
Erie July, 7 1849. 8

WHITE LEAD.

ON Consignment.—I will furnish B. A. Fahnestock & Co. Pure White Lead, by the quantity, to Merchants and others at Pittsburgh price, adding transportation. J. H. BURTON.
Erie July 7, 1849. No 5 Reed House,

F

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED

BY B. F. SLOAN,

CORNER OF STATE ST. AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

ERIE, PA.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

City subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1,50
If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.
☞ All communications *must* be post-paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Cards not exceeding 11 lines, one year.	$3,00
One square " "	10,00
do. do. six months,	6,00
do. do. three months,	3,00

Transient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, and to be *limited to their immediate business.*

Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

WILSON LAIRD.

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office over J. H. Williams' exchange office, next door to Judge Thompson's office.
Collecting and other professional business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL,

FORMERLY THE EAGLE, corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

ROBERT A. BAKER.

WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Nails, Detroit Ale, Buiscuit, Crackers, &c. &c, Cevansville, Erie, Pa.

J. GOALDING.

MERCHANT TAILOR, and Cheap Ready Made Clothing Store, South side of the Public square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank.

H. B. HAVERSTICK.

No. 2, REED HOUSE. Dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, &c.

T. W. MOORE,

DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c., No 6, Poor People's Row, State street, Erie.

ALFRED KING,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL dealer in Groceries, Boat Stores; Provisions, and Pittsburgh manufactured articles; No. 2, Fleming Block, and 7th street, Canal Basin, Erie, Pa.

W. H. CUTLER,

Attorney & Counseller at Law, (Office in Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.
Collecting and commercial business will receive prompt attention.
REFERENCES.—A. P. DURLIN, Esq., BENJAMIN GRANT, Esq.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,

forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

J. H. WILLIAMS,

Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office directly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie, Pa.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 111½ Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Winsell, Esq., 57 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

GALBRAITHS & LANE,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW—Office on Sixth street, west side of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

TIBBALS & DEWEY,

DEALERS in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

HENRY CADWELL,

DEALER in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., north side of the Diamond, and one door east of the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

A. H. HITCHCOCK,

DEALER in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,

DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,

CABINET MAKER Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

KELSO & LOOMIS,

GENERAL Forwarding, Produce and Commison Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
EDWIN J. KELSO, W. W. LOOMIS.

WALKER & COOK,

GENERAL Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.

DEALERS in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. LOOMIS, T. M. AUSTIN

CARTER & BROTHER,

WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Glass, &c, No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JOEL JOHNSON,

DEALS in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. No. 1, Perry Block, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,

FASHIONABLE Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie,

L. WARREN,

Sash, Blind and Door Manufacturer, and dealer in glass, south east corner of 4th and State streets, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stoneware, &c. &c., No. 5, Bonnell Block, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD.

Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary, Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,

Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block; on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plates, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

MOSES KOCH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Ready Made Clothing, &c., Commercial Buildings, corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

S. DICKERSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

C. B. WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron Nails Leather, Oils, &c., corner of State street and the public square, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie

JOHN H. BURTON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

W. P. LATTIMORE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over the Erie Bank.

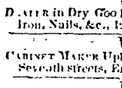
ROBERT S. HUNTER,

DEALER in Hats, Caps and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row, Erie, Pa.

EXCHANGE OFFICE.

H. WILLIAMS, dealer in Foreign and Domestic Bills of exchange, Certificates of deposite, Gold and Silver coin, will buy and sell current and uncurrent money, negotiate time and sight drafts, make collections on all the Eastern cities, and make remittances at the lowest Banking rates.
Money received on Deposite and Eastern drafts constantly on and at the lowest rates of premium.
Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, and Pennsylvania Bank notes, and those of most other States, bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.
Office directly opposite the Eagle Hotel, 2 doors from the corner, Erie, July 1, 1848.

MEDICAL WORKS.



JUST received from the publishers, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, a large assortment of Medical Works, which will be sold at the publishers prices; among which will be found:

Bartlett on Fevers,	Budd on Liver,
Boe's Materia Medica and	Therapeutics,
Churchill's Midwifery,	Churchill on Females,
Ashwell on Females,	Cooper on Hernia,
Condie on Children,	Jones on the Eye,
Dewee's Midwifery,	Dewee on Children,
Dungleson's new Remedies,	Dungleson's Practice,
Liston & Mutteh's Surgery,	Miller's Principles,
Miller's Practice,	Phillipson Scrofula,
Prout on the Stomach,	Taylor's Med. Jurisprudence,
Wilson on the Skin,	Wilson's Dissector,
Cyclopedia of Medicine,	Williams' respiratory organs,
Youatt on the Horse,	Clater, Farrier, &c., &c.

The subscriber is agent for Lea & Blanchard, and will order any Medical, Literatyor Miscellaneous works desired, and furnish them at Publisher's prices. Physicians, students and others are requested to call and examine his catalogue.
Erie, June 10, 1848. O. FFOSPARD.

ALE.—10 bbls, best Pittsburgh—Geo. W. Smith & Co's. brand—for sale by A. KING.

To Blacksmiths.

THE subscribers will pay in iron suitable for blacksmithing purposes, at the lowest cash price, for any quantity of scrap iron, delivered at our Warehouse, at the opening of navigation.
HAVERSTICK & CO.
Erie, Feb'y 1, 1849. 6m38

1849.

THROUGH TO BEAVER IN 36 HOURS.

BEAVER AND ERIE DAILY EXPRESS PACKET LINE, TO PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS, &c. &c.,

The above Line is composed of first class PACKET BOATS, leaving Erie Daily at 8 o'clock, A. M. Connecting at Beaver with the River packets for PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS, &c., affording altogether the cheapest, easiest and most pleasant route to all places on the Ohio River.
W. G. CLELAND, Agent.
Office at Brown's Hotel, corner of State street and the Public Square, and the Packet Landing.
Erie May 5, 1849. 6t

PARASOLS.—Received to-day, another stock of Parasols, containing some of the richest turk satin, heavy fringed, and extra size. They will be sold cheap by.
J. D. CLARK.
Erie, June 2, 1849. 3

FARMERS.—If you wish to see a good assortment of Scythes, both grass and grain, Snaths, Forks, both hay and manure, Sickles, Hay Knives Rakes, Scythe Stones and Rifles; also, a good assortment of Scoops and Shovels, call at the Hardware Store where you will find them for sale cheap.
REED & SANFORD,
Erie, June 30. No. 3, Reed House.

LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

IS now open, with a large and complete assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, clocks Gold lockets, Gold pencils, pens, breast pins, Finger rings, thimbles, Ear-Hoops, Bracelet-clasps, slides, snaps, Fob, Guard and Vest Chains, keys, etc. Gold and silver Specks, silver spoons, Combs, thimbles, pencils, fruit knives, Chains, &c.—Plated fruit baskets, castors, candle sticks, snuffers & trays, spoons britania coffee and tea sets; shell, horn & ivory combs; scissors, shears and posket knives, razors and razor strops, soaps, perfumery, needles, brushes, steel trusses, beads, chaps, and rings; Steel bags and purses readymade; Accordions, music boxes, Violins, and many other articles too numerous to mention, which will be sold at much less than the usual prices.

N. B. Pedlars furnished on reasonable terms.

☞ All kinds of Watches and Clocks cleaned, repaired and warranted. Also, Accordeons, Music Boxes, Jewelry, &c., repaired at short notice.

For cleaning lever watches, $1 10. Lepine Watches, $0 75
" Common Verge, 50. New main springs, 75 to 1 00
" New Verge 1 00. Linnette Glass, 25
" Double Flint 18. Common do 12½
" Gold Hands, 25 to 50. New Accordeon Reeds, 25 to 50

All other jobs done in proportion to the above prices, and warranted to give satisfaction or the money refunded, one door East Brown' Eagle Hotel.
Erie, Nov. 13, 1848. WM. N. LEWIS 27

1849.

MILLINERY GOODS.

MRS. PRAY takes pleasure in informing her friends and the Public that she has just received her spring supply of Millinery, and Fancy Goods, comprising every variety in her line.—Her Bonnets and Caps are of the most approved styles. Constantly on hand every variety of colored and white straws. Bonnets cleaned and repaired on the shortest notice and in the best manner. All orders for work promptly attended to, and a continuance of the patronage of her friends and the public generally, is respectfully solicited. The room stand on State Street near the corner of fifth.
Erie, April 21, 1849 1f19

Ladies Fashions for 1849.

JUST received, a beautiful assortment of Mantillas, latest Paris styles, comprising superior Black silk Rosetta trimmed, green and purple Chameleon; drab and blue ditto, Paris trimmed, which are offered at prices, *for below* the cost of materials and manufacture, as obtained here.
J. D. CLARK,
Erie, June 2, 1849

NEW GOODS! CHEAP GOODS! GOOD GOODS!

NO. 1, FLEMING BLOCK.

Spring and Summer Supply at the New Jew Store,

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co. undismayed by the high sounding "Empire Store," "Wright's Corner," or the "Commercial Exchange," have just returned from the eastern cities, and are now receiving their spring and summer supply of

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, &c., which they are enabled to offer to their numerous customers and the public generally, at prices far below those of any former season. These goods have all been selected with the greatest care, and will be found to be one of the largest and most splendid stocks of Spring and Summer Goods ever offered in this city. As many of these Goods have been purchased of the importers for the latest arrivals from Europe, the subscribers are confident that they can offer to their customers the very newest styles of Ladies Dress Goods, comprising English, French, Swiss, Irish and Scotch Goods, together with a full assortment of American manufacture, and cheaper than can be found elsewhere.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

Rich Chameleon Silks, extremely low; Rich brocade do; beautiful goods; Rich Grenadines, plain and figured; Glace Silk, rich goods; Foult de Soie, fashionable and fine importations; Black Armures, plaid and striped; Brocade Lustres, new styles; Mohair Chameleon, figured, (very cheap;) Silk Tissues, all colors; Balzarines, in great variety; Paris dotted Lawns for evening dresses; new style rich Mourning Lawns; Organdie Lawns; a beautiful article; Black Gros de Rhine, all widths and qualities; Black barzarines of the most approved makes; Paris printed barreges, extremely low; Paris printed Lawns, in great variety; Crapes and Crapes Lisse, a full assortment of colors and qualities; together with a large supply of De Laines and Alpacas, some as low as 12½ cents per yard. In addition to the above will be found a beautiful assortment of black Brussels Lace, for trimming dresses, Mantillas and capes. Also, French worked capes, collars and cuffs, latest styles; Victoria Lawns and spotted Robes, very cheap; Swiss mull, Jaconet and Book Muslins; Bonnet Ribbons; Belting Ribbons; Cravats; Scarfs; Artificials; Gloves; Mitts, and Hosiery.

SHAWLS;

Embroidered White Cashmere and Crape Shawls; Plaid and Black Silk Shawls, Black and Colored Mous De Lain Shawls, Satin Plaid Berage Shawls, Prence Cashmere Shawls, and Plain and Embroidered Black and Colored Silk Fringe Thibbet Shawls!

PARASOLS! PARASOLS! PARASOLS!

The largest, cheapest and best assortment in the City. Parasols from the lowest to the most splendid, rich and costly article, of the newest styles and colors, can always be found at this Establishment.

DOMESTIC AND STAPLE GOODS.

A Large stock of Cabot, from 6 cents to 10 cents per yard; Bleached and unbleached Muslins, from 6 cents upwards; Red Flannels and Checks, a full supply of all qualities and prices; Irish Linens; Table Damask, Russia and Scotch Diapers; Napkins; Table Diapers; Crash and Doyleys; Scotch and Manchester Ginghams; Satinets; Kentucky Jean, and Blue Drills; all of which will be sold off at prices that cannot fail to please and without fear of competition.

CLOTHING FOR THE MILLION!

Under this head we have now on hand, ready for sale, the *largest, most fashionable and varied assortment of* READY-MADE CLOTHING ever offered in Erie; all of which have been selected under our immediate inspection, UNDER THAT NEW STOCK & PROPRIETOR;—together with one of the choicest selections of Imported fine Black, Blue, Brown, Olive and Drab French, Belgian and English CLOTHS, that has ever been brought to this city. Also, Black and Fancy French Cassimeres; New Style Fancy Vestings and Cravats; Silk Under Shirts and Drawers; Linen Cambric and silk Handkerchiefs, and a fine assortment of Gloves, Hosiery, and Suspenders.

☞ Dont forget the place New Jew Store, No. 1, Fleming Block State street.
Erie, April 28, 1849. 59

New Goods! New Goods!!

I AM just opening at No. 1 Reed House a choice selection of Spring and Summer Goods for the Ladies, consisting of beautiful styles of Linen and Cotton Gingham, Lawns, M De Ladines and Prints, Also Shawls, White Kid and Lisle Thread Gloves, Linen, Edgings, French, Lawn, Handke chiefs, Black Linen Thread and other Goods too numerous to mention. All of which I respectfully invite you to call and examine.
J. D. CLARK.
Erie, March 24, 1849

On Hand for Spring Trade.

WE have on hand a large and general assortment of WALL PAPER and Bordering, which was purchasing of the manufacturers expressly for the Spring trade, and which will be sold cheaper than ever.
March 31. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

PLANES.

A GENERAL assortment of Bench and Moulding Tools, together with a general assortment of Joiner's and Carpenter's Tools, for sale low by
G. SELDEN & SON.

SAWS.

HAND Saws, some very superior Rack Mill, X Cut, Wood, Compass, Keyhole and Webb Saws, together with a general assortment of Shelf Hardware, for sale cheap as the cheapest.
May 19. G. SELDEN & SON.

NEW GOODS AGAIN.

THIS day opened, at the corner opposite Brown's Hotel, an other addition to those Pen Green Chimney De Laines also, a choice lot of plain changeable, however and satin stripe Brilliant Lawns, together with a great variety of Shawls, assorted dress Fringes, plain Paris green De Laines, Ribbons, Bonnets, Gloves, Ladies Velvet Belts and Collars, all which the Ladies are invited to examine at
C. B. WRIGHT'S.

NO YANKEE HUMBUG!

Fairbanks' Genuine Scale Manufactory!!

The subscribers having purchased Fairbanks' celebrated genuine scale patterns, and employed a workman, Mr. Brooks, who has had a long experience in their manufacture, beg leave to inform the public that they are now prepared to furnish to order an article superior to any thing of the kind ever offered in this market.

The subscribers would also caution their friends against purchasing worthless articles purporting to be Fairbanks' scale from irresponsible itinerant yankee peddlers—*we manufacture the genuine article.* The following are our prices.

Hay Scales, of 4 Tons draft,		$80
Coal Scales, of 1 Ton draft,		35
Platform Scales, 1500 lbs. draft.		35
Do. do. do.	with hoisting lever and set on trucks,	40
Do. do	1250 lbs. draft,	30
Do. do.	do on trucks. with hoisting lever,	35
Fairbanks' *American* Scale, 1500 lbs.		32
Do. do.	do. 1200 lbs.	28
Do. do.	do. 1500, on trucks with hoisting lever,	37
Do. do.	do. 500 lbs.	16
Flour Packing Scale, 300 lbs.		20
Counter Scales, ½ oz. to 200 lbs., platform,		8
½ oz. to 200 lbs., platform & Scoop,		10
Dale's Counter Scale, brass lever, ½ oz. to 50 lbs. draft,		6

All the above articles are *warranted.* Those wishing to obtain a good and *reliable* Scale are requested to give us a call at No 104 French street, nearly opposite the Farmers Hotel.
G. A. BENNET & CO.
Erie, May 26, 1849.

New and Fashionable Spring Goods.

WE are just receiving the largest stock of the most desirable styles and the best quality of FRESH DRY GOODS, ever offered in this market, and as cheap as any other house in these diggins. We have every variety of Dress Goods in Silk, Mohair, Wool, Linen and Cotton fabrics: French English and American Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, and Fancy Summer Coatings, Vestings, &c.. Lawns, Gloves, Hosiery, Parasols, Umbrellas, Bonnets of every variety of spring style, Artificials, Flowers Ribbonds, &c., &c.

Also, a large stock of brown and bleached Sheetings and Shirtings, Drills, Waddings, Wickings, Batting, Cotton Yarn, Carpet Warp, &c.

Crockery and Glassware, Shelf Hardware and Dry Groceries, at prices which trouble the trade. Our Goods are bought of Manufacturers, Importers, Auctions, Jobbers, Jews, Gentiles, any and every where they can be had, at the lowest prices, under their market value for cash or credit, and will be sold accordingly for Cash or approved short credit.

Comparison invited—competition defied.

We are on hand at No. 6, Cheapside, ready and willing to exhibit goods and prices.
Erie, May 12, 1849. TIBBALS & DEWEY

Twenty-Mile Creek Woollen Factoy.

THE Subscribers having provided themselves with new machinery, are now ready to manufacture Wool into cloth on shares, on the following terms: One yard of Cloth for two and one fourth pounds of Wool, or thirty cents per yard CASH; Flannels &c. on reasonable terms. We have on hand a large quantity of Cloths, Tweeds, Flannels, Shawls, and Yarn to exchange for Wool. Carding for one ninth of the Wool or 3cts cash. Cloth Dressing at customary Prices.

From long experience in manufacturing in England and the Eastern States, we feel confident we can give satisfaction, and hope by application to business to merit custom.
CHEETHAM, CASS & JOWITT.
Twenty-Mile Creek June 9, 1849. 9t4

CASH FOR LUMBER.

THE highest market price will be paid for any quantity of White Wood, Black Walnut and Cherry Lumber and Staves, delivered at my store, on the corner opposite Brown's Hotel.
June 9. C. B. WRIGHT.

WHITE LEAD IN OIL.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand B. A. Fahnestock & Co's warranted pure White Lead, and is prepared to sell it by the quantity at a small advance from Pittsburgh cost, by the single Keg, (25 pounds,) at two dollars. This brand is now considered *the best in market.* A supply received nearly every week, and consequently he had at all times Fresh.
Erie, June 2, 1849. J. H. BURTON.

LADY'S KID BUSKINS, Ties, Half, and whole Gaiters, Morocco walking shoes, slips, &c., at S. JACKSON'S.
Nov. 4, 23

For the Removal and Permanent Cure of all NERVOUS DISEASES,

And of those Complaints which are caused by an impaired, weakened or unhealthy condition of the

NERVOUS SYSTEM.

This beautiful and convenient application of the mysterious powers of GALVANISM and MAGNETISM, has been pronounced by distinguished physicians, both in Europe and the United States, to be the *most valuable medicinal discovery of the Age.*

Dr. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC BELT

and

MAGNETIC FLUID,

is used with the most perfect and certain success in all cases of

GENERAL DEBILITY,

Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system. Also in

FITS, CRAMP, PARALYSIS AND PALSY,

Dyspepsia or Indigestion,

RHEUMATISM, Acute and Chronic, GOUT, EPILEPSY, LUMBAGO, DEAFNESS, NERVOUS TREMORS, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, APOPLEXY, NEURALGIA, PAINS in the SIDE and CHEST,

Liver Complaint,

SPINAL COMPLAINT, and CURVATURE of the SPINE, HIP COMPLAINT, DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, DEFICIENCY OF NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL ENERGY,

and all

Nervous Diseases,

which complaints arise from one simple cause, namely,

A Derangement of the Nervous System.

☞ In NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, Drugs and Medicines *increase the disease,* for they weaken the vital energies of the already prostrated system; while under the strengthening, life-giving, vitalizing influence of Galvanism, as applied by this beautiful and wonderful discovery, the exhausted patient and weakened sufferer is restored to former health, strength, elasticity and vigor.

The great peculiarity and excellence of

Dr. Christie's Galvanic Curatives,

consists, in the fact that they arrest and cure disease by *outward application,* in place of the usual mode of drugging and physicking the patient, and with a sure stripe Drives Lawless, together with a great variety of Shawls, assorted dress Fringes, plain Paris green De Laines, Ribbons, Bonnets, Gloves, Ladies Velvet Belts and Collars, all which the Ladies are invited to examine at
C. B. WRIGHT'S.

NO YANKEE HUMBUG!

Fairbanks' Genuine Scale Manufactory!!

The subscribers having purchased Fairbanks' celebrated genuine scale patterns, and employed a workman, Mr. Brooks, who has had a long experience in their manufacture, beg leave to inform the public that they are now prepared to furnish to order an article superior to any thing of the kind ever offered in this market.

The subscribers would also caution their friends against purchasing worthless articles purporting to be Fairbanks' scale from irresponsible itinerant yankee peddlers—*we manufacture the genuine article.* The following are our prices.

Hay Scales, of 4 Tons draft,		$80
Coal Scales, of 1 Ton draft,		35
Platform Scales, 1500 lbs. draft.		35
Do. do. do.	with hoisting lever and set on trucks,	40
Do. do	1250 lbs. draft,	30
Do. do.	do on trucks. with hoisting lever,	35
Fairbanks' *American* Scale, 1500 lbs.		32
Do. do.	do. 1200 lbs.	28
Do. do.	do. 1500, on trucks with hoisting lever,	37
Do. do.	do. 500 lbs.	16
Flour Packing Scale, 300 lbs.		20
Counter Scales, ½ oz. to 200 lbs., platform,		8
½ oz. to 200 lbs., platform & Scoop,		10
Dale's Counter Scale, brass lever, ½ oz. to 50 lbs. draft,		6

All the above articles are *warranted.* Those wishing to obtain a good and *reliable* Scale are requested to give us a call at No 104 French street, nearly opposite the Farmers Hotel.
G. A. BENNET & CO.
Erie, May 26, 1849.

New and Fashionable Spring Goods.

WE are just receiving the largest stock of the most desirable styles and the best quality of FRESH DRY GOODS, ever offered in this market, and as cheap as any other house in these diggins. We have every variety of Dress Goods in Silk, Mohair, Wool, Linen and Cotton fabrics: French English and American Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, and Fancy Summer Coatings, Vestings, &c.. Lawns, Gloves, Hosiery, Parasols, Umbrellas, Bonnets of every variety of spring style, Artificials, Flowers Ribbonds, &c., &c.

Also, a large stock of brown and bleached Sheetings and Shirtings, Drills, Waddings, Wickings, Batting, Cotton Yarn, Carpet Warp, &c.

Crockery and Glassware, Shelf Hardware and Dry Groceries, at prices which trouble the trade. Our Goods are bought of Manufacturers, Importers, Auctions, Jobbers, Jews, Gentiles, any and every where they can be had, at the lowest prices, under their market value for cash or credit, and will be sold accordingly for Cash or approved short credit.

Comparison invited—competition defied.

We are on hand at No. 6, Cheapside, ready and willing to exhibit goods and prices.
Erie, May 12, 1849. TIBBALS & DEWEY

Twenty-Mile Creek Woollen Factoy.

THE Subscribers having provided themselves with new machinery, are now ready to manufacture Wool into cloth on shares, on the following terms: One yard of Cloth for two and one fourth pounds of Wool, or thirty cents per yard CASH; Flannels &c. on reasonable terms. We have on hand a large quantity of Cloths, Tweeds, Flannels, Shawls, and Yarn to exchange for Wool. Carding for one ninth of the Wool or 3cts cash. Cloth Dressing at customary Prices.

From long experience in manufacturing in England and the Eastern States, we feel confident we can give satisfaction, and hope by application to business to merit custom.
CHEETHAM, CASS & JOWITT.
Twenty-Mile Creek June 9, 1849. 9t4

CASH FOR LUMBER.

THE highest market price will be paid for any quantity of White Wood, Black Walnut and Cherry Lumber and Staves, delivered at my store, on the corner opposite Brown's Hotel.
June 9. C. B. WRIGHT.

WHITE LEAD IN OIL.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand B. A. Fahnestock & Co's warranted pure White Lead, and is prepared to sell it by the quantity at a small advance from Pittsburgh cost, by the single Keg, (25 pounds,) at two dollars. This brand is now considered *the best in market.* A supply received nearly every week, and consequently he had at all times Fresh.
Erie, June 2, 1849. J. H. BURTON.

LADY'S KID BUSKINS, Ties, Half, and whole Gaiters, Morocco walking shoes, slips, &c., at S. JACKSON'S.
Nov. 4, 23

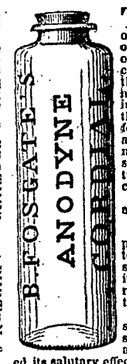
IMPORTANT.

B. FOSGATE'S ANODYNE CORDIAL,

A safe and effectual remedy for the

SUMMER COMPLAINTS,

Viz.: Diarrhœa and Cholera Morbus—also, Flatulent and Spasmodic Colics.



THIS invaluable Medicine for the above complaints, surpasses any other remedy now in use. Hundreds of cases have come to the knowledge of the proprietor, where a speedy cure has been effected by the use of the Cordial, after a resort to the common remedies had proved unavailing. It has been extensively used throughout this State and elsewhere for many years—has been approved, and is used in practice by a great number of the most respectable physicians, as may be seen by their certificates and recommendations accompanying each bottle.

This medicine is discovered to be a certain and effectual remedy for the

INTESTINE DISEASES

produced by the drinking of the waters of the rivers in the southern and southwestern states, which renders it of inestimable value to those who reside or travel in those sections of the country.

Certificates.—We, the undersigned, have for several years past sold B. Fosgate's Anodyne Cordial, and during this period have witnessed its salutary effects in curing the diseases for which it is recommended, viz. Acute and Chronic Diarrhœa and Cholera Morbus, in our own, or in the families of our customers, and have also seen its successful administration in cases of Cholera Infantum. We do there *fore confidently recommend it to all those who may be* afflicted with those distressing and dangerous complaints, as offering one of the best means for their cure or relief.

A. I. Matthews, Hollister & Co., A. Reynolds, Buffalo; L. B. Swan, Post & Willis, Rochester; Foster & Buckinson, J. E. Warner & Co., Wm. Bristol, Utica; Fitch, Hovey & Dillaye, Syracuse; Joseph Osborn, Seneca Falls; Luther Kelly & Co., Platt & Simpson, Geneva; L. C. Cheney & Co., Chipman & Remington, Canandaigua; C. Remington, Nunda; E. R. Huntington, J. H. Lapham, Penn Yan; Tracy Beadle, Elmira; W. Seaver & Son, Batavia; John J. Post, Hamilton; Bissell & Leonard, Rome; H. & E. Gaylord, Cleveland; John Owen & Co., Detroit; T. M. Hunt, Auburn.

C. N. TUTTLE, Auburn, N. Y., GENERAL AGENT for the United States.

Sold by CARTER & BROTHER, and BURTON & PERKINS, Erie, Pa.

Also by one Druggist or Merchant in all the country villages.

NEW CONCERN,—WOOL, WOOL.

MILLCREEK WOOLEN FACTORY.

THE subscriber, proprietor of the above named establishment, would announce to Wool Growers and the public in general, that he has had all of his Machinery thoroughly repaired, and having employed experienced workmen in all the different branches of the business, he is now prepared to Manufacture Wool with neatness and dispatch, into the following articles namely—Plain Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels, Shawls, Blankets, &c. He is also prepared to make

WATER PROOF CLOTH,

which is far superior to Oil Cloth for Over Coats.

☞ Custom Carding, Cloth Dressing and Spinning done on short notice. All kinds of the Country Produce taken for work, and a liberal allowance paid for cash. Friends and the public generally are invited to give him a call, and he assures them that all the improvements that he has made are onward. Being determined to keeping with the improvements of the age, he hopes to be sustained in his efforts.
CYRUS REED.
Millcreek, May 6—6m Formerly George Hull's Factory. 51

Fresh Family Groceries, Wholesale and Retail

A. KING respectfully begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his numerous Cash customers for their liberal patronage, and to state that he has just received from New York and Buffalo, a large quantity and variety of Fresh Groceries, selected with care, consisting of

Teas	Candles	Pitch	Forks
Coffee	Tobacco	Tar	Scythes
Fruits	Oils	Rosin	Snaths
Spices	Rice	Oakum	Nails
Nuts	Mackerel	Rakes	Rope
Molasses	Codfish	Spades	Bagging
Sugars	Mats	Shovels	Hoes, &c..

And a large, full and complete assortment of every thing in the Grocery line, to which he invites the attention of those wishing to purchase, as these Groceries were bought low and will be sold very low for Cash or ready pay, but positively no trust:—Remember Kings's, No. 2 Fleming Block.
Erie, June 2, 1849.

Scythes and Hoes at Wholesale.

THE subscriber, successor to A. Miller, as Agent for the Winsted Manufacturing Company, has on hand a large supply of Grass and Cradle Scythes; also, Tuttle's superior Cast Steel Hoes, which he offers to Merchants and any that may wish to purchase by the dozen, as low as they can be obtained at the manufactory, adding transportation, and will forward them to re-purchasers at their own cost.
Any communications will be promptly attended to.
PINCKNEY & CRAIN.
Erie, June 2, 1849. 1f 36

1849. Spring Fashions. 1849.

S. SMITH has just received the Spring and Summer fashions for HATS, to which he invites the attention of his old customers and the public generally.
Erie, March 19, 1849.

THE DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY

INSURANCE COMPANY,

(of Philadelphia,)

ARE now doing business on the Mutual plan, giving the insured a participation in the profits of the Company, without liability beyond the premium paid.

Risks upon the Lakes and Canal insured on the most favorable terms. Losses will be liberally and promptly adjusted.

Fire risks on merchandize, buildings and other property, in town or country, for a limited term permanently.

DIRECTORS.

Joseph H. Seal,	James C. Hand,	Edmund A. Souder,
Theophilus Paulding,	John C. Davis,	H. Jones Brooke,
Robert Burton,	John Garrett,	John B. Penrose,
Hugh Craig,	Samuel Edwards,	George Serrell,
Henry Lawrence	David B. Stacey	Edward Darlington,
Charles Kelley,	Isaac R. Davis,	J. G. Johnson,
William Folwell,	William Hay,	John S. Newlin,
Dr. S. Thomas,	Dr. R. M. Huston,	John Seller, Jr.
	Spencer Mellvaine,	

Richard S. Newbold, Sec'y; Wm. Martin Pres't.

☞ Application can be made to J. KELLOGG, Agent, Erie.
Erie, Feb. 10, 1849. 29

NO. 1, REEDS BLOCK,

Open for the Spring trade.

I AM *now receiving from recent purchases* my full stock of Spring Goods. Please drop in and see what's doing new.

TO THE LADIES.—

I would say, I have many of the most decidedly beautiful DRESS GOODS to be found here or elsewhere, a stock of Shawls unsurpassed in beauty of style, Bonnets, Bonnet trimmings, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, &c.

For the gentlemen I have a stock of CLOTHS that no one can beat, with a great variety of materials for summer wear; Gloves, Cravats, Hosiery, &c. And to the Public generally I would say, you can find in my stock a choice selection of all the various articles the market requires, in the line of Dry Goods. Also a good assortment of

CROCKERY, GLASS-WARE, TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY, GROCERIES, and a small stock of HARDWARE.

These Goods have been bought at the *lowest cash Auction and Commission house rates,* and without fear of contradiction I boldly assert that I will not be undersold for cash by any house in Erie, Importers, Jobbers or Retailers
J. D. CLARK.
Erie April 21, 1849. 59

Cabinet Trimmings.

REED & SANFORD are now opening a good assortment of wrought and pressed Table Hinges, Brass and narrow Brass Butts, Brass and Iron Table Castors, Till, Cupboard and Chest Locks, and a good assortment of Brass Goods, for sale at the Hardware store, No. 3 Reed House.
REED & SANFORD.

HOUSE TRIMMINGS.—